McKean County Miner.

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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLV SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1908. NO. 22

PAVING CONTRACT TO BE AWARDED NEXT MONDAY.

The Bids Submitted Were Noticably Lower than Before.

INJUNCTION PROCESS THREATENED.

Paving May be Held Up by Action of Citizens—Notice Served on Council—If not Work Will be Commenced Before July 1st.

The paving situation took rather a surprising turn Monday evening when the following notice was served on the council, previous to the examination of the bids for the paving of a portion of Main street:

Smethport, Penna., May 26.

To the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Smethport:

Gentlemen:

You are hereby notified that we have been retained to file a taxpayer's bill restraining the issue of bonds for the purpose of raising money to pave Main street, or any portion of it, in pursuance of Ordinance No. 70 of said Borough, approved March 9, 1908, and of the notices published in the McKean Democrat and in the McKEAN COUNTY MINER, two newspapers of general circulation published in the said Borough, over the date of March 9, 1908.

And you are further notified not to award any contract for the grading, paving, curbing or improving Main street in pursuance of said Ordinance and notice, and the election held in pursuance thereof, on April 14, 1908, for the reason generally of various illegalities which will be set forth in the bill when served and filed, rendering the supposed authority for the issue of said bonds illegal and void.

E. R. MAYO & SON,
THOS. H. MORRISON,
Attorneys.

A similar notice was served on the officers of the Hamlin Bank and Trust Company. This company was the successful bidder for the bonds to raise money for the paving.

We understand that it is the intention of the citizens of this borough to apply to the court, through a bill in equity, for an injunction restraining the burgess and council from borrowing this money by the issuing of the bonds or from letting a contract for any of the paving. We know nothing further than the statements set forth in the above notice on what grounds the contract will be made and therefore have no idea what the outcome will be.

After the bids were opened and examined it was decided to wait until next Monday before awarding the contract for the work. There were several bids put in and we understand that some of them were considerably lower than the bids previously submitted for this work. The exact figures of the bids have not been given out, but we learn that without the donations we can have the six blocks in the business section 34 feet wide and about 5 blocks in the residence section 22 feet wide. And if the donations stand we will be able to have the balance of the mile 22 feet wide.

We have but one suggestion to offer in regard to the paving and that is that before the work is far advanced that the abutting property owners in the business section get together and make arrangements whereby the pavement may be widened so as to reach the full width of the street as it now stands. The taxpayers, by their ballot, have signified their willingness to pay the greater portion of the cost of improving our principle business street and the property owners should meet them at the 34 foot curb and in this way make this portion of the street at least perfect.

Enjoyable Evening for Seniors.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry entertained the class of '08 at their home on West Main street last Friday evening in honor of Ralph W. Herzog.

During the evening progressive games were played. Miss Bessie Engstrom won the lady's prize and Sam Stall the gentleman's. The score cards were designed with the class flower and tied with the class colors. A delicious luncheon was then served by the hostess, assisted by her niece, Miss Edna Anderson. The remainder of the evening was spent in singing, telling stories and composing Senior class yells, while several persons furnished amusement by their attempts at playing "wizard."

Everyone who was present will certainly remember this as one of the most pleasant events of their school days. ***

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Will Prevent Pollution of Streams.

Having been advised officially that the pure water law of April 22, 1905, has been sustained by the Supreme Court, Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, the officials and energetic State Health Commissioner, now finds himself in a position to furnish the public to an extent not heretofore practicable with the protection which his office was created to afford.

He is endowed with very considerable powers, but heretofore he has been restrained from their exercise, either directly or indirectly, by contentious litigation. So long as there was a doubt with regard to the validity of the statute by which his functions are defined and from which his authority is derived he was naturally placed at a serious disadvantage. He hesitated to undertake what he might not improbably be prevented from performing or to assume the responsibility of imposing penalties for which it might transpire that there was no legal warrant. Amid such perplexities it was necessary for him to pursue a course more conservative than his inclination prompted or than the public interests required.

Things are different now. In the leading case, which was fought all the way up from the county court to the ultimate tribunal, it has been decided that the pure water act of 1905 is a proper exercise of the police power of the State, that it does not conflict with any constitutional prohibition or fundamental principle of law, that the powers which it confers are valid and that being highly beneficial, it must be liberally construed.

All this is so reasonable and seems so obvious that it is difficult to understand how anyone could have felt warranted in making a contrary contention. It is, however, notorious that when attempts at the enforcement of the law were made they encountered bitter resistance. Men who ought to have been ashamed of the attitude they assumed took the ground that they had a right to use a running stream as a common sewer because they had so long been allowed to do so unforbidden. They resented the intervention of the Board of Health as an invasion of their vested rights and it has taken a good while to demonstrate the unfounded nature of their claims.

It is a gratifying thing that the demonstration has at last been made and that Dr. Dixon finds himself freed from the trammels by which he was formerly confined and it is entirely safe to take it for granted that he will so use his enlarged opportunities as to do the community a valuable service.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

We sincerely hope that this decision will give Dr. Dixon power to get after some of the chemical factories and tanneries in this section which have been using our otherwise beautiful streams for sewers.

Seniors Banquetted by Juniors.

On Wednesday evening, May 20, the Juniors entertained the high school faculty and the graduating class at the Wright House.

Each person represented a book. In every case the representation was very good and in many instances was decidedly clever. The greater part of the evening was spent in solving the titles of those present. Ralph Herzog was awarded the prize.

An invitation for the dinner, which the guests soon found to consist of many tempting dishes, was then given. The table was beautifully decorated with lavender and white, the Senior colors, and crimson and white, the Junior colors. Large bouquets of red and white carnations were charmingly arranged. The place cards were written in the German script and tied with crimson and white ribbon. The favors were pretty bunches of sweet peas, the Seniors receiving lavender and white, the Juniors red and white, while the faculty received the three-colored bouquets.

A toast was given by Floyd Heath, president of the Junior class, and a response was made by Wallace Bisset, president of the class of '08. Prof. Allen, after a couple of stories, offered a toast to the young ladies, which incidentally contained some friendly advice to the young men. After returning to the parlors a general good time was enjoyed until the departing hour. ***

Not a Registered Druggist.

Calvin J. Stahl of Mt. Jewett was arrested on Monday of this week by Constable Dilley, on the instance of John O. Wilson, Special Agent of the State Pharmaceutical Examining Board, for conducting a drug store at Mt. Jewett in violation of the Act of Assembly of May 24, 1887, and its supplements. The information charged that Stahl was not a registered pharmacist nor qualified in any manner to conduct a drug store, and that he had no certificate of competency or registration from the State Board. Mr. Stahl succeeded in adjusting the matter by paying all costs, and promising to place a registered man in the store at once.—Kane Republican.

Hand Painted China.

Mrs. H. L. Backus has a line of hand-painted china suitable for graduation presents.

MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES.

The Day Will be Appropriately Observed in Smethport.

As has been the custom for many years Memorial Day exercises will be properly observed in this borough Saturday next. The program will be under the supervision of McKean Post No. 347, G. A. R., assisted by other civic organizations and the citizens. Beside the members of the G. A. R. and civic organizations the school children will participate in the parade.

Last year the members of the different departments of our schools took part in the parade and added a great deal to the beauty and impressiveness of the occasion. Youth and Age are united in paying tribute to our Nation's dead and in keeping the memory of those noble heros fresh in the minds of all. The program follows:

The officers for the day are: President of the Day, John Apple; orator, J. W. Bouton; marshall, Bernard Garlick. The following aids have been appointed: R. C. Sasse, Leo Digel, J. L. Morrison and J. M. Hilton.

The parade will form under the direction of the marshall on Main street, right resting on Church, and will start for the cemetery at 2 p. m.

The route will be—Main St. to Nelson to Cemetery. Returning, Cemetery to Nelson to Bank to Mechanic to Main to Franklin, and disband.

All exercises will be at the cemetery if the weather permits, if not, at the court house.

The program of exercises is as follows: Exercises by the Post. Music. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg by G. B. Mayo. Music. Introduction of orator by President of Day. Oration, Judge J. W. Bouton. Music. Benediction, Rev. Harris. Strewing of flowers.

Headquarters McKean Post,
No. 347, G. A. R.
Smethport, Pa., May 26th, 1908.

General Order No. 2:

The Comrades of this Post are ordered to meet at the Court House on Saturday, May 30th, at 1:30 o'clock in full uniform and take part in the program of services for Memorial Day.

All old soldiers and soldiers of the Spanish-American War are cordially invited to join with us in the observance of the day. By Command,

H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant. B. F. WRIGHT, Commander.

Five Hundred Witnessed Exection.

A dispatch from Pottsville, Pa., dated May 26, says: Five hundred persons, most of them Poles, Slavs and other foreigners who had been especially invited, witnessed the execution to-day, by hanging, of Felix Radzina, a young Pole, for the murder of a young woman and child at Shenandoah. The hanging took place in the Schuylkill prison. Sheriff Clay Evans invited the foreigners to be present as witnesses so that they might perceive the horror of the retribution that awaits murder. It is the hope of the sheriff that this grewsome sight may impress upon the minds of some of the more ignorant and vicious of the foreigners the enormity of the crime of murder and the certainty of legal punishment.

Just before the march to the scaffold Radzina made a complete confession of the Shenandoah murders and confirmed the information the police had that he had been guilty of committing a murder in Russian Poland.

The only confusion was when the body was cut down. There was a rush to get a strand of the hempen cord because there is a general belief that any part of a rope with which a murderer has been hanged is an infallible cure for rheumatism. The struggle to gain a shred became so fierce and the rope was being pulled in so many directions that a deputy sheriff drew his revolver and poked it into the faces of the foremost wranglers, threatening to shoot if they did not give up the struggle.

Murder at Salamanca.

A special to the Bradford Era, under date of May 25, says:

Vincenzo De Rienzo, employed by John Marsh as a storekeeper at Carrollton N. Y., was murdered sometime during last night. His body, with a stab wound in the heart, was found in the Erie yards here early this morning. The tragedy is undoubtedly the culmination of a quarrel or series of quarrels.

The authorities are making a special effort to locate Mike Stampone, another Italian, employed as a track-walker on the Erie. He is missing and late this afternoon the swamps about Randolph, N. Y., are being searched by a posse, it having been reported that a man who answered the description of the alleged murderer had been seen getting off a train at that place.

Stampone, who is suspected of the crime, is known to have quarreled with De Rienzo. He had roomed at Tony Caruso's on Atlantic street of late. Last evening Caruso said he heard quarreling outside his house.

Coroner Martin and Dr. Taggert performed an autopsy upon the body. There was a wound in the heart as if made by a stiletto.

Death of Charles W. Hooker.

Chas. W. Hooker died at his home on Mill street this morning at about nine o'clock. The end came very suddenly. He was assisting his wife about the house, and complaining of weakness sat down in a chair and expired; probably from heart failure. He suffered from a paralytic stroke last summer, and though he seemed to gain strength continuously, his heart has been growing weaker with each passing day, with the above result. The funeral will be held from the home on Monday at one o'clock, under the beautiful rites and ceremonies of the Masonic lodge, of which he was a long time and honored member. The remains will be taken to Portville for interment in the Hooker lot in the Portville cemetery.

Mr. Hooker was one of the oldest business men in Port Allegany, having commenced business here in 1877 with his brother, under the firm name of Hooker Brothers, dealers in general merchandise. He married Sarah L. McKay of Allegany, N. Y., in 1865, at that time being twenty-seven years of age. He was born in Mill Grove in 1838, and celebrated his 70th anniversary on March 10th last. His business career has been a varied one but fairly successful, the Hooker Brothers for many years being among the leading business men of this place. Politically he was Democrat and held the office of Justice of the Peace at the time of his demise. For perhaps twenty years he was secretary of Liberty Lodge, F. & A. M., much of the time holding the office continuously, but recently, on account of failing health, he retired from the office.

He was an honest, worthy citizen and though out of business here for many years, most of us will miss his genial companionship and his tried and true friendship. His wife survives him, also two nieces of this place, Mrs. Ray Foote and Mrs. Clayton Gallup. The aged wife has our most sincere sympathy.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Death of Mrs. Doyle.

Mrs. Ellen M. Doyle, aged 69 years, 3 months and 4 days, died at her home on Melrose avenue Wednesday the 20th instant, at 6:50 p. m. She was born in Wellsville, New York, and being one of a large family leaves a host of relatives to mourn their loss.

In 1865 she was united in marriage to James Doyle of Sartwell, Pa., at which place she lived until 1884, when Mr. Doyle removed to Mt. Jewett where they resided until his death, April 6th, 1904. June of the same year, Mrs. Doyle came to Ambridge where she has since lived with her sons, Cornelis and James.

The union of Mr. and Mrs. Doyle was blessed with eight children, two having died and six surviving. Those living are four daughters and two sons, Mrs. Curtis Arnold of Confinence, Mrs. Allan Park of Smethport, Mrs. M. M. O'Brien, Miss Dolores and Cornelius R. and James C. of Ambridge.

In her life the deceased has shown the world she was a dutiful and loving mother and wife and a kind and sympathetic friend and won the respect and affection of all with whom she came in contact. Hers was a life lived for improvement, always concerned in the welfare of her family and friends.

Requiem Hig Mass was said over the remains at St. Veronica's Roman Catholic church Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, Rev. Father Thomas F. Walch officiating, and interment made in the Sewickley cemetery, at a later hour.—Ambridge News-Herald.

Mrs. Doyle has been a resident of McKean county nearly all her life and had many friends who will deeply mourn her demise. She was a member of the L. O. T. M. of Mt. Jewett and P. H. C. of Ambridge.

Death of Richard Camp.

Richard H. Camp, better known in Port Allegany during the past twenty-five years as "Dick" Camp, died at his home on Main street Wednesday evening. He was as well known as any man in this part of the county, coming here in 1885 and uniting with his brother in a partnership, the F. P. Camp & Co., for the sale of drugs and groceries. He retired from business in 1897 or 1898 on account of ill health and has not been in business since. He was a veteran of the Civil war and a member of the Henry Metcalf post of this place. He was buried from his home this afternoon, Rev. C. H. Dudley officiating. The interment was made at Troy, N. Y.

Two children that came to bless his home went on before him in early life. There remains to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband, the stricken wife, and a good and true brother, Fred P. Camp of this place.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Estray Notice.

Came to my premises on May 19th, two colts, one three years old and the other one year old, both bay. Owners may have same by proving property and paying damages. Otherwise they will be disposed of according to the laws governing estrays.

LEON SCOWDEN.
Farmers Valley, Pa., May 26, 1908.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

Once more we add to the long list of victorys of the Union. The Army of the Potomic has shown by winning the great victory of Gettysburg that even its two years faithful training and in sluggishness, retreat and defeat has not broken its courage, diminished its endurance, nor rendered it unable to move and maneuver with magnificent swiftness and power.

The battle of Gettysburg was another of that series of gigantic conflicts so characteristic of this war. The previous history of warfare has chronicled many accounts of tremendous battles fought in a day. But in no war before has fight after fight taken place on what seemed a purposely enlarged scale. A majority of the important battles of this war have been of from two to seven days duration. One of these vast conflicts, covering three successive days of fighting, was the battle of Gettysburg, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863.

We have heretofore described the movements of Lee, up to the latter days of June, when he was seemingly prepared, behind a screen of cavalry raids and movements, to move either toward Philadelphia or Washington, or to give battle, as the case might require. His whole movement, to a point so distant from his base, indeed looked like the result of one of the three things either:

1. Total contempt for Hooker. 2. Total desperation, and resolve to stake everything on a movement in which a reverse was distruction. 3. Expectation of actual aid from Copperheads. And as if to lend plausability to this last hypothesis, we have a report of a conspiracy to seize the New York city arsenal, on the eve of July 4, and to establish a "Provisional Government" with the Copper Captain McClellan, at its head. At any rate, there was Lee. Whatever the reason for suspending Hooker in the presence of the enemy, and Gen. Meade, in taking command June 28, found that the army had been swiftly moved from the Rappahannock, was in capital order, well in hand, and everything ready for instant operations, so that on that very day he issued orders to advance.

The advance was distinctly made—or rather continued. The headquarters being at the date (June 28) at Hagerstown, and all his army north of the Potomac, while Meade's headquarters were at Frederick 26 miles south-east. It is a question what at this moment Lee's plans were, but at any rate the general movement of his troops was eastward. 87,000 of them, with 104 guns, having passed through Chambersburg eastward on Saturday the 27th, Lee himself going on that day toward Gettysburg, 40 miles east of Chambersburg. Meade now moved rapidly northward, straight toward Gettysburg, and about 25 miles from Frederick. On this Lee hastily concentrated on Gettysburg, Pleasonton in the meantime attacking and badly whipping Stuart at Hanover, 15 miles east, during the movement. On Wednesday, July 1, took place the first collision between our advance, under Gen. Reynolds, and the rebels, gathering first just north of Gettysburg, leaving the business of robbing and levying contributions. Reynolds, with his corps, the First was passing through Gettysburg, when suddenly came upon a rebel force posted in a wood west of the town, posted his guns, deployed his advance, (Wadsworth's division,) and opened fire. The rebel batteries answered so sharply that our guns had to retire to a second position; Gen. Reynolds was well in the advance reconnoitering his ground, when he fell, killed by a rifle ball in the neck, and Gen. Doubleday took command. The Eleventh corps, Gen. Howard, soon came up, and the rest of the battle was conducted by him. His corps fought magnificently, more than redeeming itself from the accusations made of bad conduct at Chancellorsville. These will be remembered against it no more. After our troops had long withstood a terrific fire of artillery, and repulsed several desperate charges two successive assaults were made on outright by Ewell's corps, which were thoroughly repulsed by the First corps, supported by Schurz and Barlon's divisions of the Eleventh corps, while Steinwehr with the rest of the Eleventh held the town and the defensive Cemetery Hill close south of it. A third tremendous charge was made by Hill's and Ewell's corps together, being 62,000 men, the whole rebel force on the field, and out flanking us on both sides, so that Gen. Howard at last retreated in good order through Gettysburg, and formed a line of battle on Cemetery Hill.

As evening fell, the third and twelfth corps (Sickles and Slocum's) came up, and the position was safe. By 11 p. m. Gen. Meade arrived; the Second and fifth corps (Handcock's and Sykes') followed and Gen. Meade, making his observation, approved of Howard's dispositions. The whole army was at once placed in battle array on the hill the hights diverging S. W. and S. E. from it. All day long on Thursday, from 4 p. m., our forces waited for the enemy. But he only skirmished and felt our lines until nearly 5 p. m. Gen. Meade's force was drawn up in a horse shoe form its right looking nearly east, its center straight north over Gettysburg, and its left nearly west.

(Continued.)

Breeders Association Organized.

A citizens' meeting was called for the purpose of improved breading of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs in McKean county, at Kane March 8th. A general discussion of the subject was had and a committee appointed to perfect said organization. Said committee met at the Grange National Bank at Smethport, Dr. G. A. Dick was called to the chair and stated the object of the meeting, and on motion of James A. McKean the following persons were named as a board of directors for the ensuing year: G. A. Dick of Kane; A. Holden, Port Allegany; J. G. McCarey of Annin; D. C. Young and James A. McKean of Smethport; George Richards of Hamlin township, and Mr. Clark of the Bradford city poor farm. On motion the citizens' committee adjourned and the directors met. D. C. Young was chosen president; James A. McKean, vice president; W. C. Daly, treasurer, and James Quirk, secretary. On motion The Improved Breeders' Association of McKean County, Pa. was adopted as the name of the society. Constitution and by-laws were adopted and the meeting adjourned to meet at the call of the President.

JAMES QUIRK, Secy.

County papers please copy.

Cocaine Sends Man to Asylum.

Dr. L. A. Burrows, for years a prominent and successful physician of Cross Fork, has been placed in the insane ward of the County House here, a complete physical and mental wreck as the result of the excessive use cocaine.

About nine years ago the doctor located in Cross Fork and soon had a lucrative practice and was considered one of the best physicians for a radius of many miles. After he began the use of cocaine he rapidly became a slave to it, and within a few days before he was placed in the asylum, he became a dangerous man, having carried with him a loaded revolver, with which he had threatened to shoot two well known residents of the town. Several times he had been seen hiding on dark streets evidently waiting for the men whom his diseased mind caused him to believe were his enemies. He had been heard to say: "I am soon going to the New Jerusalem and I intend to take those two men with me."

Before the doctor located in Cross Fork he had separated from his wife and family who reside in Columbus, Ohio.—Potter Democrat.

Pay for Supervisors.

Judge Galbraith of Butler county has decided that supervisors need not work without pay. He says: "We know of no authority of the court to fix the compensation of road supervisors in any event. It does not follow, however, that persons serving as road supervisors can not receive compensation; it does not on the other hand forbid compensation, and its provisions are not therefore inconsistent with any previous enactment in force at the time the last Act was passed allowing compensation to the supervisors. By the Act of 1899, supervisors are allowed one dollar and a half for each day necessarily employed, in the discharge of his duties of the office. This provision is not repealed by the Act of 1905, and as it is not inconsistent with anything contained in the Act, we must assume that said provision should remain intact and the compensation of supervisors remain as before the passage of the Act of 1905."

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids for building abutments and bridge in Liberty township, near Clark's Mills, over the Allegheny River, and for abutments and bridge in Corydon township, over Willow Creek, near the Davidson farm, will be received by the County Commissioners of McKean county, until June 3rd, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m., at which time all bids must be in.

Bids will be received for either or both bridges, and the sub-structures shall be bid separately by the cubic yard.

A certified check for $500 shall accompany each bid.

Plans and specifications are on file at the Commissioner's office, open to the inspection of all intending bidders.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

GEO. GRIFFITHS,
JOHN A. PETERSON,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners.

Here comes the spring winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolated, (Acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped lips, hands and face. It soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Mrs. Park has recovered from her recent illness and will have her hair dressing and manicuring parlors open from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., and will be pleased to serve her patrons again.

NANNIE'S PICTURE.

By BAYARD TRUSTON.

Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

"She's coming tomorrow," announced Billy Singleton. Tom Harvard smiled. "She" could be none other than his "picture girl," as he had learned to call her, and ever since he had arrived at Glenoak, Harvard had been lost in day dreams, in which "the picture girl" was ever the central figure.

It was Harvard's first visit to the Singleton place, named Glenoak, and for the first time he had seen the results of Mrs. Singleton's artistic skill with a camera.

That hospitable matron had more than a passing fad for photography and in a well equipped studio in the back yard had turned out many prize winning pictures. The most successful had been of "the picture girl," otherwise Nannie Prescott, Mrs. Singleton's niece.

It had been taken some years before and showed a child with a soul that shone through the thick lashed eyes. The small, sensitive mouth, delicate molding of the chin, the perfect oval of the face and the high white brow all combined to make a picture almost perfect, yet Harvard seemed to see only the eyes, with their inscrutable questioning of the life just beginning to unfold.

Singleton had surprised Harvard before the picture half a dozen times, and Harvard winced at the jests his chum made about his infatuation for the photograph, but even Mrs. Singleton's assurance that the original now looked vastly different from the big eyed girl of the picture did not abate his interest in the handsome carbon print.

"Nan has a sempiternal fondness for pickled pig's feet," went on Singleton, "but Harvard's leg should grow too fast. . . . You have one at least with an appetite, that you, Tom?"

He dodged the book Harvard threw at his head and stepped out through the French window on to the porch, still chuckling over the hot, outraged face.

He was speculating who the station to meet Miss Prescott and who

"I'LL HAVE IT EASIER IN A JIFFY," DECLARED HARVARD.

basely betrayed Harvard's passion to the girl who shared his seat in the dogcart.

"It's not you," explained Singleton, with brutal frankness; "it's the picture that he's in love with. I'll bet when he sees what a plump and husky person you've grown to be he'll decide to stick to the picture."

There was much more to the same effect, and so it came to pass that when the introduction was accomplished on the Singleton porch and Harvard guarded his expression from any betraying glance of gratification Miss Prescott decided that this man who loved her picture and was disappointed in the original was a very unpleasant person whose presence at Glenoak would make her vacation a miserable one indeed.

Mrs. Singleton endeavored tactfully to counteract the effect of her son's disclosures, but Nannie resented even this well meant effort. It was intolerable to her that they should suppose she cared in the least what Mr. Harvard thought of her.

If he was disappointed that the angles of fourteen had rounded into the curves of nineteen it was no concern of hers, and to show how little she cared she devoted herself industriously to snubbing poor Harvard at every possible opportunity.

And Harvard, manlike, suffered keenly from the treatment and went about saying savage things to and of Billy, and he looked no more than he could help either at the picture or Miss Prescott herself.

So matters continued for nearly a month, when a business letter gave Harvard a welcome excuse for quitting the field of defeat. He had longed to retire, but he would not retreat ignominiously and without excuse.

He managed to slip away from the house without being detected by his watchful chum and made his way toward a glen from which Glenoak took its name. He would have a farewell quiet hour. It was a favorite resort of his, and he climbed up the cool shades toward the falls at the head of the glen.

He was nearly at the falls when a flutter of white caught his eye. He half turned to retrace his steps, for he had recognized Nannie, and he was not inhibited to have his last day of vacation made more bitter by the girl's sharp speeches. But as he turned she called his name, and he hurried forward.

"I'm sorry to bother you," she said, half defiantly, half in appeal, "I slipped on the wet rocks and I have sprained my ankle."

"How long have you been here?" he demanded. "You were not at lunch."

"It was hours ago," she said, with a wan little smile. "I came about 11, I guess, and it was not long after that I slipped."

With a word of sympathy Harvard knelt to examine the injured member. Already the swelling was great, and the girl had felt too faint to remove the stout shoe she wore. With tender hands Harvard cut the laces, and Nannie gave a sigh of relief as the shoe was slipped off.

"I'll have it easier in a jiffy," declared Harvard, slipping off his coat and with his knife cutting out the sleeve of his shirt for a bandage. "A little cold water will help the fever until we can get back to the house."

"I suppose you'll have to go for help," she said faintly. The idea of being left alone again terrified her.

"Help! Not a bit of it," declared Harvard. "It's a short mile to the house. I can carry you easily with an occasional rest. Even with the rest it will not be as long as though I were to go back to the house for assistance."

"But you said I was so fat," reminded Nannie.

Harvard looked up with sudden interest.

"And may I ask who told you that?" he asked. "It was Billy," he added as he saw the girl's confusion. "I dare say that Billy has been crediting me with all sorts of nonsensical and uncomplimentary remarks."

"He only said you—you were disappointed," she declared, "and some little things like that."

"I dog I call that a little thing at all," insisted Harvard, "and, moreover, I never said it."

"But you frowned the moment you saw me," reminded Nannie. "You did, because I was watching you."

"Then it was a matter of interest to you what my opinion might be?" he asked. "I thought you had said that you did not care."

"Billy told you that?" she asked speculatively. Harvard nodded.

"You see," she went on, "that miserable picture has been my Nemesis. I was a little slip of a girl, and just after Anna Bess made that picture I began to grow. To stretch up and out, as Billy expressed it. For the last four years people have been commenting upon my changed appearance until I have grown to loathe the very sight of the dreadful photograph."

"Do you know," said Harvard reflectively, "I never noticed whether you were plump or slender in the picture."

"You must have," insisted Nannie. "Don't be afraid to confess. It's all right. I guess I'm getting hardened to comment."

"But I really didn't," insisted Harvard. "I saw only the eyes, with their glorious promise of womanhood. In them I am not disappointed. For the rest, I made no comparisons, and—you are perfect as you are."

The girl's eyes glowed with pleasure, but her voice was cool and even as she spoke.

"Billy says that they are pop eyes," she said reminiscently. "Do you think they are?"

"They are the most beautiful eyes in the world," declared Harvard fervently. "They are more beautiful than in the picture. Nannie, dear, can't we stop playing at cross purposes? I loved you before I even saw you. I loved the woman those eyes told me you would be, but they did not tell half the truth. I don't care about the picture—now—but, may I have the original, dear?"

And so "the picture girl" was won.

Our Oldest Permanent City.

Albany, capital of the great Empire State, claims to be the oldest permanent settlement within the limits of our thirteen colonies, but has greater historical significance on account of its strategic importance during the century of conflict between the English and French in America and in the American Revolution. In 1524 Verrazzano, a French navigator, sailed up the Hudson, and about 1540 a French trading post was set up near the present site of Albany. The continuous history of the place dates from the discovery of these regions by Henry Hudson in 1609, who was followed by Dutch traders, who in 1614 established a trading station on Castle island under the name of Fort Nassau. In 1664, after the transfer of New Netherlands to the English, the name of Albany was given to the settlement in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, afterward James II.—Leslie's Weekly.

Curing a Fish.

A curious experiment was tried a short time ago to determine the brain power of the pike. One of these voracious fish was placed in a tank with some minnows with glass partitions separating the one from the other. The pike for three months made fruitless attempts to catch the minnows, repeatedly dashing its nose against the glass. At last, having come to the conclusion that its efforts were of no use, it finally discontinued them. The glass was then removed, but the idea firmly established in the pike never became disestablished, for it never afterward attacked the minnows, though it fed voraciously on all other kinds of fish.—London Telegraph.

Mr. Wm. H. Anderson, M. D., of Soda Springs, Ida., says that Bees Laxative Cough Syrup has relieved coughs and colds where all other remedies failed. Its gentle laxative effects especially recommend it for children. It is pleasant to take. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Lamson Pride

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Seymour frowned savagely into the fire and rumpled his hair with impatient fingers.

"If you would listen to reason," began Pauline argumentatively, but her fiance interrupted her.

"Reason!" he snorted contemptuously. "There is no such word as reason in a woman's vocabulary."

Miss Lamson arose from her seat and surveyed him with cool hauteur.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Seymour. Remember, please, that you have not now and never will have the right to address me in that manner. I beg you will excuse me, sir. Good night." She swept from the room while Seymour stared miserably after her.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed and Pauline did not return. Then Seymour got upon his feet and, taking his hat and stick, left the house with a sense of deep injury, somewhat tempered by the knowledge that he was entirely in the wrong. If Polly wanted the dining room on the south side of the new house they were building, what matter?

His own wishes were for a cool shady dining room on the north side of the house, while the library occupied the sunny southern exposure, where Pauline could have blooming plants in the windows and where he could see her bright head bending over her sewing when he looked up from his work.

What evil spirit had tempted him to argue the question with her and to act like an unmannerly brute? Now there would be no home at all. He turned in at the club and spent the evening in solitary wretchedness.

Miss Lamson made dignified haste to her own room, where she locked the door and confided to her pillow that Bob Seymour was a sour, cross, crabbed old thing and that she was glad they would never be married. Upon this reflection she sobbed more bitterly.

Finally, when the fury of her hysterical storm had subsided, she heard the closing of the front door and the echo of familiar footsteps on the pavement dying into silence.

She sat up energetically.

"Pauline Lamson, you are a little fool!" she soliloquized. "If Bob wants the library on the south side of the house, what difference does it make to you? He has to work in there most of the day, while the dining room is only used at mealtimes, and it doesn't matter where it is. Now there won't be anything to prevent [illegible] dining room nor anything, for I cannot go back on my word. A Lamson never does that!"

She sobbed herself into a most unpleasant slumber, which was broken by frequent lapses into wakefulness, and at last a gray morning dawned. And all the mornings and afternoons were gray after that, for Bob Seymour did not come to sue for pardon, and neither did Pauline send the little note which would have brought him repentant to her feet.

Pride, Seymour pride against Lamson pride, and so Love drew his rosy mantle about him and spread his wings to be about other and more profitable business.

* * * * * * *

"I came by the new house today, Pauline, and it is a dear!" Emilie Raymond helped herself to another bonbon from the dish on Pauline's tea table and nibbled it appreciatively.

"Yes?" Pauline's voice was faint, and there was a pink flush in either cheek.

"Yes," mimicked Miss Raymond petulantly. "Your indifference is well assumed, Polly dear, but"—

"Emilie," said Pauline, with sudden decision, "I must tell you—I haven't told another soul—that Bob Seymour and I are not going to be married!"

Miss Raymond uttered a surprised shriek.

"Polly Lamson, what do you mean? Why, I was talking with Bob not five minutes ago—he was standing on the steps of the new house—and from what he said"— She paused with embarrassment and busied herself with the bonbon dish.

"What did he say?" Pauline's tone was icily cold.

"Why—now, dear, of course I don't understand anything about the matter, but he said when I hinted that I would like to go over the house, Mrs. Seymour will have that pleasure in the spring, and he smiled so naturally that I supposed"— She looked expressively at her friend.

"It is probably some one else—some other girl," smiled Pauline, stiffly.

"It might be," was the disconcerting reply. "I did see him talking to Linda Burton the other day, and just as I passed them Linda was saying, 'I much prefer the library in green too.' I didn't think anything about it at the time, but—Linda is certainly attractive."

"Linda is a dear," gushed Pauline, pouring herself another cup of tea.

"Well," remarked Emilie practically, "of course I'm surprised to hear that your engagement is broken, but I must say that Linda Burton can certainly make that house look like a dream. She is an artist."

"That is so," said Pauline soberly. "Linda's gowns are lovely."

After Emilie Raymond had fluttered away to another tea table and probably to other confidences Pauline fled to her own room, where she spent a very quiet hour. Then just as the dusk was falling she donned her wraps and crept out of the house and along the avenue to that pleasant cross street whereon stood the house of dissension, the house that had been built with love as adviser and architect.

Pauline approached it timidly from the opposite side of the street. She would rather die than meet Bob Seymour in that vicinity. She could dimly see that the house was quite completed, a lawn graded and turfed with green, and—strange to relate—it was illuminated from top to bottom, and there were people moving about inside. She slipped across the street and entered the yard. Along the north wall of the house ran a flagged path to the rear, and when she had walked along this path she found herself directly beneath a brightly lighted bow window. Some one was speaking.

"This is to be the library, Linda," said Bob Seymour's voice, "and it will be green, of course."

"You are making a mistake, Bob, in using this room for the library. The south room is much more suitable."

"Polly planned it this way, and I want it to be exactly as she wishes." There was an obstinate note in Bob's voice that Pauline knew well. She uttered a bewildered little gasp at the complications of the situation.

"Very well," said Linda cheerfully. "I only wish Polly were here to give her opinion about that shade of green. But I am very grateful to you, Bob, for giving me an opportunity to display my talents as a professional decorator. I shall hope for an avalanche of orders after this. Why don't you run up and get Polly? We could decide all these puzzling matters at once."

"I don't believe she could come down this evening," came Bob's voice evasively and rather despondently. Pauline choked. He was clinging to a last hope that she would relent before it was too late. He was comforting himself with the hope that their engagement was not formally broken.

A moment later she found herself speeding through the wide hall into the library. She slipped her hand through Bob's arm, and she felt his start of surprise and then the warm, firm pressure of his hand upon her own.

"I came down to help choose the decorations, Bob," she said breathlessly.

"Good! Now everything will be all right," exclaimed Linda gayly.

And so it was.

A Rule For Dramatists.

A dramatist must never keep a secret from his audience, although this is one of the favorite devices of the novelist. Let us suppose for a moment that the spectators were not let into the secret of Hero's pretty plot in "Much Ado," so luring Beatrice and Benedick together. Suppose that, like the heroine and the hero, they were led to believe that each was truly in love with the other. The inevitable revelation of this error would produce a shock of surprise that would utterly scatter their attention, and while they were busy making over their former conception of the situation they would have no eyes nor ears for what was going on upon the stage. In a novel the true character of a hypocrite is often hidden until the book is nearly through; then when the revelation comes the reader has plenty of time to think back and see how deftly he has been deceived. But in a play a rogue must be known to be a rogue at his first entrance. The other characters in the play may be kept in the dark until the last act, but the audience must know the secret all the time. In fact, any situation which shows a character suffering from a lack of such knowledge as the audience holds secure always produces a telling effect upon the stage. The spectators are aware of Iago's villainy and know of Desdemona's innocence. The play would not be nearly so strong if, like Othello, they were kept ignorant of the truth.—North American Review.

Apostrophe to a Champion Cow.

Hail, O champion nurser of the human race! Hail, O quiet chewer of nutritious cud! Blessed be peace and open air, beasts and sunlight, and especially blessed be this cow; of her we sing. Hail, Pauline; number 48,426—if that mean you love, O butter champion of the world! Think of giving 104.4 pounds of milk in a single day and also at a high average of fat!

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self contained.

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition.

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things.

Not one kneels to another nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago.

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

Would the pen of Homer were our own, for we have no taste to celebrate the feats of admirals and presidents, prizefighters and millionaires and would fain do justice to the cow, for she by her own unaided might can support thirty babies on this earth.—Collier's Weekly.

A Sermon In Rhyme.

An English sporting parson who wished to shorten the Sunday morning's service so that he might join some kindred spirits delivered the briefest and meatiest sermon on record. "Dearly beloved," he said, "the subject of our discourse this morning is 'Life.' I shall divide it into three parts and a conclusion—first, man's ingress to the world; second, man's progress through the world; third, man's egress from the world, and, to conclude, man's life after departure:

"Man's ingress to life is naked and bare.
Man's progress through life is trouble and care.
Man's egress from life is nobody knows where.
If we do well here, we will do well there.
I could tell you no more if I preached a whole year."

—Boston Post.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup—the cough syrup that tastes nearly as good as maple sugar and which children like so well to take. Unlike nearly all cough remedies, it does not constipate, but on the other hand it acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, through which the cold is forced out of the system, and at the same time it allays inflammation. Always use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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TOLD BY HIS HAT.

The Way a Traveler Picked Out an Englishman.

"See that man?" the lately returned traveler remarked to a friend, indicating an individual a little ahead of them. "Well, I never saw him before, but I'll lay a good sized bet that he's an Englishman and, moreover, a Londoner."

"How do you tell?" the friend asked.

"By the way he wears his hat," was the reply. "Notice how it is jammed down on the head? Englishmen, especially Londoners, put on their hats for keeps. No chance is taken of being separated from a 'bowler.' That's what the derby is called over there. And it's the same way with a top hat or a straw or a cap, for that matter.

"The American wears his hat lightly in comparison, and, so do the people of southern continental Europe. The French, for example, have a penchant for hats that seem a bit too small for them. At any rate, their headgear doesn't appear to be very firmly fixed. It may be my fancy, but an Italian always impresses me as a bit uncomfortable in a hat. At all events, he likes to avoid wearing it whenever possible. But your Englishman wears his hat thoroughly and seriously. It's tilted back a little, as a rule, and the nearer it is to his ears the safer he feels."

Just then the man ahead drew a paper from his pocket. It was the London Times.

"There, what did I tell you?" was the returned traveler's comment.—New York Press.

EDUCATED BEARDS.

Whiskers In Paris Reach the Pinnacle of Cultivation.

It is in Paris that the whisker reaches its highest state of civilization and development. The luxuriant verdure on the faces of some of the Paris skins who strut along the boulevard every day can be compared to nothing but the riot of vegetation in the tropics. Every Parisian has whiskers—much whiskers if he can't get some whiskers at any rate. He supplements nature's efforts with the best aids of the barber and trains and nurses his hirsute appurtenances with anxious care.

The Parisians spend hours on their beards, and cultivate them into formal gardens, set pieces, shrubberies, terraces and vista effects. They lay out hair scapes with them, arrange them in undulating meadows and twine them in pergolas. There is the long, single convolution much sought by men with black beards, which consists of about a foot of hair cut square across the bottom and adds much glory to the wearer, for the whiskers always shine and glisten in the sun. There are side whiskers and pointed ones, the heart shaped and the curved, the waved and the plain. A man who can train his whiskers to grow in a new way is as much of a celebrity as a man who writes a good poem or paints a good picture.—Samuel G. Blythe in Everybody's Magazine.

Moonlight.

Many readers may not be aware of the fact that the full moon gives several times more than twice the light of the half moon. They may be still more surprised to learn that the ratio is approximately as nine to one. Professor Joel Stebbins and F. C. Brown, taking advantage of the extreme sensitiveness to light of a selenium cell, measured the amount of light coming from the moon at different phases with the result above mentioned. The reason for the remarkable difference shown is to be found in the varying angles of reflection presented by the roughened surface of our satellite to the sun. The moon is brighter between first quarter and full than between full and last quarter. The cause of this is evident in the more highly reflective character of that part of the moon which lies west of its meridian.

An American Scholar's Work.

It should be humiliating for Englishmen to reflect that it was left to an American, Francis James Child, to compile the five thick volumes of "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" which are faultless and invaluable to all students of this subject. But self reproach is forgotten in admiration of his work. Child himself unfortunately did not live to finish his task. However, he was more than a scholar and an editor. He was the founder of a school and he had the gift of being able to transmit to others both his learning and his zeal.—London Saturday Review.

His Fair Proposition.

"Are you able to support my daughter?" asked the old gentleman. "You know she has pretty expensive tastes, and I don't mind saying that the burden has been pretty hard for me at times."

"That's just the point," exclaimed the prospective benedict. "If I marry her we can divide the expense."

A Doubt.

Madam (to the nursemaid, who has just brought home her four children from a walk)—Dear me, Anna, how changed the children look since I last saw them! Are you quite sure they are the right ones?—Fliegende Blatter.

The Bride's Disaster.

He found her lying unconscious in the kitchen. But she opened her eyes feebly for a moment.

"The cake fell on me, George!" she gasped, and with that she swooned again.—Puck.

The beautiful is as useful as the useful—more so perhaps.—Victor Hugo.

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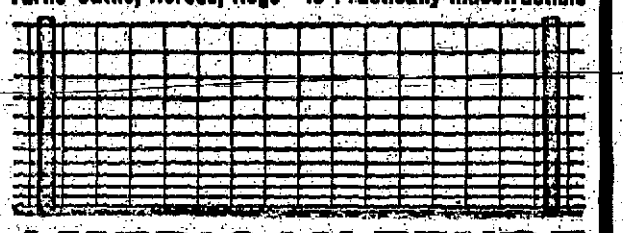

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McKean County Miner

—Smethport, Thursday, May 28, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The ball grounds have been placed in first-class condition by the members of the high school team.

—Bradford will have two race meets this year. July 1 to 4, which opens the Lake Erie Circuit, and August 18 to 20.

—Sunday, June 14, will be the 131st anniversary of the adoption of the stars and stripes as the flag of the United States.

—D. E. Waller of Eldred has sold his farm and milk route to George M. Jones of Crosby. Mr. Jones took possession Tuesday last.

—Three young men were drowned near Liberty, Tioga county, last week by the capsizing of a boat. There were four men in the boat and but one could swim.

—Hon. George C. Fagnan of Bradford, who was reported seriously ill last week, is improving rapidly. This is cheering news to his many friends in this vicinity.

—Many nearby towns are starting a movement to do away with the obscene habit of spitting on the sidewalks. It would be a good thing if Smethport would do likewise.

—Mrs. Robert Templeton died at her home in Eldred last week of tuberculosis. The funeral services were held Wednesday, Rev. Adams officiating, and interment was made in the Eldred cemetery.

—The vicinity of Millport, Potter county, will be given a thorough test for oil and gas by a company of capitalists composed of men of Shinglehouse and Bolivar. Eight hundred acres of land have been leased and the first well will be drilled on the farm of John West, some distance from any other well. The Potter Gas Company has located a fair producer on their lease north of Shinglehouse.

—There is one "Merry Widow" hat that will not go on parade again, says the St. Marys Gazette. The hat was worn by one of the young ladies of our town, and while she was strolling along the street, a sudden gust of wind made the hat uncontrollable and it was blown from off her head and wafted over the fence into a yard where an old cow was grazing. The cow mistook the hat for a bale of hay and devoured a goodly portion of it.

—A Pennsylvania law of 1820 provides that a vehicle must give one following and at a more rapid pace one-half the traveled portion of the road, under a penalty of $20. Near Erie recently a driver refused to let an automobile, which was following him, pass and as a result the fine and costs were collected from him.

—Alfred Monson of Wilcox, aged 34 years, committed suicide by drowning himself in Clarion creek last week. He had not been well for several weeks and was troubled with insomnia, which it is though caused him to commit the awful deed. Mr. Monson was a member of the I. O. O. F. lodge of Wilcox. He leaves a wife and little son to mourn his death.

—The Shawmut Railroad Company has a large force of men engaged in taking up the track on the line between Mt. Jewett and Hazelhurst, which means the complete and final separation of Mt. Jewett and the Shawmut. While we regret the loss of even the very little advantage the Shawmut has been to this community, there is another side to the case, and it amounts to this: With the Shawmut out of the way the prospects for a trolley line between Mt. Jewett and Hazelhurst are greatly improved, and after all that is the great need.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—While hunting woodchucks near Curwinsville, Clearfield county, one day this week, Charles Harmon was assisting his dog to dig one of the animals out of a hole in the ground and at a depth of five feet encountered a crock filled with some kind of coin. He took some of the coins to the bank, where the officials declared them to be gold. What kind of money the pieces are had not been determined, but it is believed the money was buried by Turks who long ago assisted in building a railroad in that section. From the weight of the gold it was estimated to be worth about $5,000.—Kane Republican.

—Miss Mabel Godding entertained six of her young lady friends at a six o'clock dinner in the private dining room of the New Thompson House Monday evening in honor of Miss Esther Berge of New York city. During the progress of the dinner announcement was made of the coming marriage of Miss Berge to Mr. Lester of New York, which will take place June 3rd. Miss Berge was presented with a beautiful cut glass dish as a token of esteem by her friends. Those present report having had an enjoyable time.—Kane Leader. Miss Berge has many friends in Smethport who extend congratulations.

Grange News.

The MINER will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FARMERS VALLEY

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

Grange met with Worthy Master Beckwith in the chair. There were sixty members present, including visitors. There were thirteen visitors from Eldred, two from Smethport and one from Coryville. Third and fourth degrees were conferred on Candidate Mrs. Charity Kent, and five applications for membership were presented. The grand march drill led by George Tyler and Letha Stull was much enjoyed by all present.

General News.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Austin of Ceres were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Otto over Sunday.

Mrs. A. R. Cory and granddaughter, Frances, were the guests of Mrs. M. A. Caldwell Sunday.

Mrs. Clark Brockham is convalescing.

Frank Digel is reported so much better as to be expected home almost any time. His fever was said to be slight.

Leslie Paterson has bought the Spencer estate and moved onto the same.

Supervisor John Stratton has his men out at work on the road.

Henry Roeder who has been ill for some time is reported as improving.

On the evening of Monday the 18th, a surprise party was given by the young people at the home of Miss Reba Smith in honor of her 18th birthday.

A Fowl That Won a Battle.

A singular story is told of a gallant cock whose moral influence at a critical moment during the battle of St. Vincent helped to save a British man-of-war from the hands of the enemy. The fowl in question formed part of the live stock of the Marlborough, a vessel which had suffered so severely that her captain was considering the advisability of striking his flag. The ship was entirely dismasted, while the chief officers had been carried below, severely wounded, and the crew, without anybody to cheer them up, were beginning to grow sullen, under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which they were hardly able to respond. At this emergency a shot struck the coop in which the fowls were confined. The only surviving occupant, a cock, finding himself at liberty, fluttered up and perched himself on the stump of the mainmast and surveyed the scene of carnage around him. Then, flapping his wings in defiance, he began to crow vociferously. He was answered by three hearty and exhilarating cheers from the crew, who all had a good laugh and, with spirits thus renewed, continued the action with a vigor that lasted until a turn in the battle rescued them from their right position.—London Chronicle.

Turning a Tight Screw.

Any one who has attempted to remove a very tight screw knows what a very difficult business it is. After straining and twisting for a considerable time the operator frequently ends by losing his temper and destroying the bits of the screw, which remains fixed as tightly as ever. With the aid of a pair of pinchers, however, the affair is quite a simple one. Place the screwdriver in position and then catch hold of the blade with the pinchers just above the head of the screw. Press the screwdriver firmly and at the same time twist round the blade with the pinchers. The tightest screw will yield immediately to this sort of persuasion.

Bird Dogs.

Bird dogs have been known as such for only about three or four centuries. So far as we know, the Duke of Northumberland, sixteenth century, was the first trainer of bird dogs. The duke was followed by others who trained dogs to "set" birds, but it was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that any reliable record of a distinct breed of bird dogs can be found. The Gordon setter was founded by the Duke of Gordon about 1800.—New York American.

A Retort Discourteous.

A young lady full of good deeds noticed the tongue of a horse bleeding and, with a use of technical terms too little appreciated said to the cabby, "Cabby, your horse has hemorrhage."

"It's 'is tongue's too large for 'is mouth," said the cabby and added sententiously, "Like some young ladies."—London Globe.

Good Terms.

"I'm sure we shall be on good terms," said the man who had just moved into the neighborhood to the corner grocer.

"No doubt of it, sir, especially," he added as an afterthought, "as the terms are cash."—London Telegraph.

Child Management.

I dont like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty, but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms and scolding schoolmistresses in the universe.—White.

Sleepless Paris.

Parisians do not know any longer what real deep, restoring sleep is. It is the lack of this which is giving modern generations their colorless lips, pale faces and feverish eyes.—Echo de Paris.

Careful About Worry.

A physician was recently attending a patient whose husband came to see him concerning her condition and greeted him with the words, "Mr. Irving, do you think there is any need for any unnecessary anxiety about my wife?"—Argonaut.

30 days' trial $1.00 is the offer on Pinoles. Relieves back-ache, weak back, lame back, rheumatic pains. Best on sale for kidneys, bladder and blood. Good for young and old. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

When Britain Fought For an Ear.

Perhaps the most extraordinary example of Britain going to war for "no reason at all" occurred in the reign of George II. One Robert Jenkins, an English merchant-captain, trading from Jamaica, arriving in England in 1738, reported that the sloop had been boarded by the Spanish coast guards and that, though no proof of smuggling had been found, he had been tortured and his ear torn off. All England flew into an uproar. "Jenkins' ear" divided parties and shook Walpole's ministry itself. The house of commons sent for Jenkins, and he was told to bring his ear with him. The incident grew into a crisis, though Walpole did his best to persuade people to keep their heads, but the popular indignation was so great that the next year the government was compelled to declare war against Spain.—Pearson's.

The Parish Top.

Once in England top whipping was practically ordered by law. There was a huge top formerly provided in every village to be whipped in frosty weather that the peasants might be kept warm by the exercise and out of mischief while they could not work. Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night" says, "His brains turn like a parish top." Ben Jonson in "New Inn" writes, "He spins like a parish top," and Beaumont and Fletcher have "dances like a town top and reels and hobbles." Evelyn, the diarist, speaking of the uses of willow wood, says that it was ordered that "the great town tops should be made thereof."

Quite a "Character."

Here is a "character" given to a servant on leaving her last situation: "The bearer has been in my house a year, less eleven months. During this time she has shown herself diligent at the house door, frugal in work, mindful of herself, prompt in excuses and honest when everything was out of the way."—London Tit-Bits.

Awed Into Humility.

Man for man, if not woman for woman, the humility and terror of Americans in the presence of English people of their own class or above it is, with whatever care disguised, a pathetic thing.—London Outlook.

But Hard to Tell.

"What is the real, essential difference between mushrooms and toadstools?"

"Exactly the difference between a feast and a funeral."—Baltimore American.

Partial Lapse.

"Did you ever [illegible]"

"[illegible] No, sir!"

"Are you quite sure?"

"[illegible] I thought I kissed her, but I didn't feel it."—Puck.

Hard Enough.

"I contend," said the lawyer for the defense, "that a tomato, however well aimed, could not have caused a black eye."

"But it was in a tin, your honor."—London Telegraph.

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

Go to Mrs. Spring's for your Millinery.

Everything of the Latest and up-to-date at the Lowest Prices.

Being connected with a leading New York store will receive goods every week.

Call and get convinced. Seeing is believing.

Next to Green's Grist Mill on Hill St.

Cigar Smoke.

The stale smell of cigar smoke is peculiarly unpleasant and peculiarly difficult to get rid of. It clings to the curtains and to most of the articles of furniture which present any sort of an absorbent surface. It is not so to the same extent with cigarettes or with pipes. In the case even of a single cigar books, papers and textiles reek of its stale flavor, and the room requires abundant airing before that flavor is completely eliminated. This effect, we are told, may be traced to the fact that a cigar produces pungent aromatic oils in greater abundance than a cigarette or a pipe. With the cigarette oils are probably burnt even if they are formed, while in the pipe they condense in the stem. In the cigar they seem to be chiefly discarded into the air. In the form of a cigar tobacco would appear to produce more oils than in the form of a cigarette or when burnt in a pipe.—London Lancet.

Perry's Big Guns.

Commodore Perry had not yet electrified a grateful nation with his immortal message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." While the battle was in progress the sound of the guns was heard at Cleveland, about sixty miles away in a direct line over the water. The few settlers there were expecting the battle and listened with intense interest. Finally the sounds ceased. They waited for a renewal. None came; the lull was painful. Then they knew the battle was over; but the result—ah, that was the point. One old fellow, who had been lying flat with his ear to the ground, soon settled that point. Springing up, he clapped his hands and shouted: "Thank God! They are whipped! They are whipped!"

"How do you know?" the others inquired.

"Heard the big guns last!"

Perry's guns were the heaviest.

Kodol For Dyspepsia has helped thousands of people who have had stomach trouble. This is what one man says of it: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. I could not digest anything I ate and in the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I still use it occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906."

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1908.

First and final account of L. M. Wyckoff, administrator of the estate of Harriet A. Wyckoff, deceased.

Third partial account of Joshua Dodge and Tryphena Moffitt, executors of the last Will and Testament of M. W. Moffitt, deceased.

First and partial account of Joshua Dodge and Tryphena Moffitt, trustees of special fund under last Will and Testament of M. W. Moffitt, deceased.

First and partial account of Zilah Haffey, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Diantha E. Haffey, deceased.

First and final account of James George, administrator of the estate of James W. Dennis, deceased.

First and final account of Harlow Pike, guardian of May B. Moore, Ray Moore, Minnie Moore, Jennette Moore, Maude Moore, and Clyde Moore, minor children of John W. Moore, deceased.

Fourth partial account of J. B. Steele and D. H. Jack, executors and trustees of the last Will and Testament of O. B. Whitehead, deceased.

First and final account of Rebecca B. Bennett, administratrix of the estate of Agnith S. Buchanan, deceased.

First and final account of Charles D. Scott, executor of the last Will and Testament of Nancy M. Toles, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of E. C. Foster, executor of the last Will and Testament of Sylvia A. Madison, deceased.

First and final account of Margaret Cole, executrix of the last Will and Testament of J. J. Cole, deceased.

First and final account of Della Merrick, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Clinton V. Merrick, deceased.

First and final account of John Bird, guardian of Irwin H. Gregg, late minor of I. Wes Gregg, deceased.

Final account of John Anderson, administrator of the estate of Barbara J. Baker, deceased.

First and final account of David Howells, guardian of Nellie Peterson, late minor child of Charles Peterson, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., May 2, 1908.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday May 28, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sommerheim

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT B. ANDERSON
of Clermont

—BAILEY WILLIS, of the United States Geological Survey, estimates the total amount of coal in North China at 995,000,000,000 tons.

A TERRIFIC flood swept through parts of Texas and Kansas on Monday. Three people were killed and over 4000 left homeless. The loss to property is very large.

SMUGGLING Chinese into the United States in barrels is the latest scheme. Some of them get killed by suffocation but the business has been a success financially.

A PATCHWORK emergency currency bill passed the House yesterday by a vote of 166 to 140. It will be taken up in the Senate to-day for passage where it will meet with strong opposition.

THE State Capitol graft case in relation to the furnishing of metallic furniture now on is not attracting as much attention as the former trial. The Commonwealth will probably finish its side of the case by the end of next week.

THE chances are that Harry K. Thaw will remain in the insane asylum for an indefinite period. Justice Morschauser has dismissed a writ of habeas corpus brought by Thaw on the ground that Thaw is just as insane now as he was when he killed Stanford White and says that he is not a safe man to be at liberty.

AN automobile trip made by J. M. Murdock and family from Los Angeles, Cal., to New York city in a 30-horse power Packard, was finished yesterday. The car carried seven passengers and and made the distance of over 3850 miles in 26 days running time or 33 days lapsed time. They did not run on Sundays and laid off for one real bad day's rain.

A DIVORCE has been granted Mrs. Ellen French Vanderbilt from Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. His former wife is to have the custody of their son and a settlement of $5,000,000 for his maintenance. Mr. Vanderbilt will not be permitted to re-marry during the lifetime of his divorced wife. Money will not get a man everything even in New York.

A DISPATCH from Washington, D. C., dated May 24, says: The Canal Record received here to-day prints the following interesting item: A platform has been built on top of Balboa hill, about three and one-half miles from Gorgona, by Fletcher Stevens, from which both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are visible on a clear day without the aid of a glass. The line of the canal can also be seen for a long distance as can likewise most of the towns in the zone. An American flag, which has been raised above the platform, is visible from Gorgona.

IN a collision of five trolley cars near Philadelphia on Sunday, four persons were killed outright and about forty were injured, of which several are not expected to live. About 200 people attended a picnic at a pleasure resort near Philadelphia and started home in five trolley cars. The cars started up a steep hill when the power on the head one gave out and the brakes refused to work. It went swiftly down the hill, crashing into the next car, which in turn demolished the third, the third ran into the fourth car and the fourth into the fifth, with the above horrible result.

THE following is from the Punxsutawney Spirit, edited by former Congressman W. O. Smith: Hon. R. P. Habgood, editor of the Bradford Star, is strongly mentioned for Speaker of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg. Mr. Habgood is one of the able and energetic Republican editors of Pennsylvania, who has represented McKean county in the legislature in a highly creditably manner, and is in every way deserving of the honor his friends seek for him. He is a man of integrity, with a genius for affairs and having served his party faithfully, in and out of season, as the editor of a staunch Republican newspaper, has abundantly earned his laurels.

AGAIN there seems to be positive proof that Mrs. Gunness did not perish in the fire which destroyed her home on April 28 last. Mr. Dagrow of Laporte made the following statement on Monday: "We have an Arkansas man who will submit a letter signed by Mrs. Gunness on May 4. It is unmistakably in her handwriting. This man was in correspondence with Mrs Gunness with a view to matrimony and would have been her next victim but for the tragic denouncement of the morning of April 28. We will prove that a young woman was lured here from the East and murdered and her mutilated body placed in the cellar in endeavor while she sought safety in flight. We give no credence to the finding of the supposed teeth of Mrs. Gunness of establishing the identity of the body of the woman found in the ruins of the charnel house.

Traffic in Heiresses.

One of those persons who have a penchant for clothing bosh in the vestments of pseudo-scientific verbiage attempts to justify marriages between American heiresses and foreign fortune hunters: first, on the ground that cash is needed to restore hereditary estates to their pristine dignity, and, second, on the ground that an infusion of new blood and purer morals by cross breeding with American girls, is necessary in order to save the noble degenerates and titled paupers from extinction. The author contends that the preservation of the order of nobility is of paramount importance to society, and as a means to that end international marriages ought to be encouraged.

This is, doubtless, a high altruistic view of the matter. The sacrifice of American girls and the wasting of their money in riotous living in the vain hope of improving the breed of the foreign nobility, appeals to the highest motives. The idea was borrowed from the Orient, where female immorality with priests is urged as a religious duty.

Unfortunately, the Frenchman's theory is built upon a wholly erroneous assumption of facts. The American girl who bargains herself and her fortune for a title has no better morals than the degenerate with whom she cohabits.

There can be no distinction made between the courtesan who sells her favors for cash and the heiress who yields herself to the embrace of moral depravity for a title. The real nature of the latter transaction is not concealed by the transparent veil of convention thrown over it by a ceremony which is a profanation of the marriage service.

Moreover, the blood which nurtures creatures who willingly, and even eagerly, enter into such relations in order to be called Lady This and Countess That possesses no quality which could benefit mankind or elevate the human race by transfusion into the putrid channels of a nobility that is bankrupt in morals as in fortune. Not that there are not members of the nobility who are noble in nature as well as in title, but that the fortune hunting 'spendthrifts who buy American heiresses with titles are a libel on the name of man.

This is not a pleasant subject, nor can it be discussed honestly in polite terms; but it is necessary, in order that our young people as a class shall not become possessed of false notions, that the subject be presented frankly and courageously. Things should be called by their right names. These international scandels have brought reproach upon the nation. They are preverting the moral preceptions of society. They are subjecting American women to ribald slurs from the foreign press. They are degrading American womanhood in the eyes of the foreigners who do not know that hot house females who possess more money than character, more social ambition than morals, do not represent the true womanhood of this country.

Meanwhile the procession of outgoing heiresses meets the returning procession of victims of this demoralizing traffic, and the entire country hangs its head in shame.—Bradford Era.

To have perfect health we must have perfect digestion, and it is very important not to permit of any delay the moment the stomach feels out of order. Take something at once that you know will promptly and unfailingly assist digestion. There is nothing better than Kodol for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas and nervous headache. Kodol is a natural digestant, and will digest what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Report of the Condition

—OF—

THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, PA., NO. 100 MAIN STREET, OF McKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY 19, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Reserve fund:		
Cash, specie and notes	$17698 40	
Due from approved reserve agents	57990 25	$75688 65
Checks and cash items		1498 50
Due from Banks and Trust Co's, not reserve agents		162 61
Commercial and other paper purchased		210648 83
Time loans upon collateral		382584 01
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages		118480 70
Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve bonds, viz:		
Stocks, bonds, etc.	$187000 00	
Mortgages and judgments of record	33847 35	100847 35
Real estate		17220 00
Furniture and fixtures		5828 28
Overdrafts		254 50
		$870564 08

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$200000 00
Surplus fund	100000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	3416 03
Deposits, subject to check, and due to the Commonwealth $378825 07	
Directors, special 26477 48	515302 15
Dividends unpaid	10 00
Treasurers and certified checks outstanding	101 90
	$870831 08

CORPORATE TRUSTS.

Total amount (i. e. face value) of Trusts under deeds of trust or mortgages executed by Corporations to the Company as Trustee to secure issue of corporate bonds, including Equipment Trusts $000000 00

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss:
COUNTY OF McKEAN, }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed,) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1908.

(Signed,) HALLIE WALKER, Notary Public.

Notarial Seal.

Correct—Attest:
(Signed,) HENRY HAMLIN,
CHAS. McKEAN,
F. D. GALLUP,
Directors.

Report of the Condition

—OF—

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK OF McKEAN COUNTY, AT SMETHPORT, IN THE STATE OF PENNA., AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, MAY 11, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 182355 77
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		175 01
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		[illegible] 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		3500 [illegible]
Bonds, securities, etc.		1853 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		5000 [illegible]
Due from State Banks and Bankers		1 75
Due from approved reserve agents		18747 [illegible]
Notes of other National Banks		[illegible] 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		18 [illegible]
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	2001 15	
Legal-tender notes	1978 00	3979 15
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		500 00
		269114 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 100000 00
Surplus fund	1000 [illegible]
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	3250 58
National Bank notes outstanding	100000 00
Dividends unpaid	40 00
Individual deposits subject to check	59[illegible] 28
Demand certificates of deposit	6370 51
Cashier's checks outstanding	102 00
	269114 00

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss:
COUNTY OF McKEAN, }

I, J. W. Lee, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

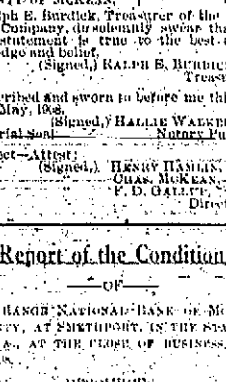
J. W. LEE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of May, 1908.

E. B. MAYO, Notary Public.

Notarial Seal.
My commission expires January 29th, 1911.

Correct—Attest:—
D. C. YOUNG,
W. C. DALY,
A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Directors.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

H. C. BEMIS

Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work

Planing Mill & Retail Lumber

Estimates furnished from plans and specifications

Inquiries and inspection solicited.

Both Phones

Hilton St. Bradford, Penna.

MOVE BER'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP. BEST FOR A THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL COUGH

NEW GROCERY MANAGEMENT.

Having purchased the Grocery Business of A. E. Foster & Co., I am prepared to cater to all of the former customers, also to all new ones that are looking for the best of goods at the lowest prices.

Oscar Engstrom.

White Diamond flour

It makes Good Bread.

Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 16, December Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary E. Litchfield did, on the 4th day of November, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Noah S. Litchfield.

We therefore command you, the said Noah S. Litchfield, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas of said county, on the first Monday of June next, to answer the petition or libel of Mary E. Litchfield and show cause, if any you have, why the said Noah S. Litchfield, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.
Sheridan Gorton, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 3, Dec. Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ella Adams did, on the 7th day of October, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John Adams.

We therefore command you, the said John Adams; that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Ella Adams and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ella Adams, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.
Thos. J. Dolphin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 70, Dec. Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Tillie Hodge did, on the 28th of October, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Hodge.

We therefore command you, the said James Hodge, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1908, to answer the petition or libel of Tillie Hodge and show cause, if any you have, why the said Tillie Hodge, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 22, December Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Butler did, on the 7th day of October 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause, therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Orson Butler.

We therefore command you, the said Orson Butler, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1908, to answer the petition or libel of Maud Butler and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud Butler, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.
F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Attorney.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Bulletin.

REDUCED RATES TO WESTERN CITIES.

For the benefit of delegates attending the sessions of the bodies enumerated below and others desiring to visit the cities of the West, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged to place on sale to all persons excursion tickets to the various meeting places at a considerable reduction from the usual fares:

Chicago, Ill. American Medical Association, June 2 to 5. Tickets sold May 28 to 30, good returning until June 12, inclusive.

Louisville, Ky. International Sunday School Association, June 15 to 23. Tickets sold June 13 to 17, good returning until June 26, inclusive.

Chicago, Ill. Republican National Convention, June 17. Tickets sold June 12 to 16, good returning until June 27, inclusive.

Denver, Col. Democratic National Convention, July 7. Tickets sold July 1 to 4, good to return until July 17, inclusive.

Cleveland, Ohio. International Convention, Baptists Young People's Union of America, July 8 to 12. Tickets sold July 6 to 8, good to return until July 15, inclusive.

St. Paul, Minn. Imperial Council, Mystic Shrine, July 13 to 18. Tickets sold July 9 to 11, good to return until July 25, inclusive.

Columbus, Ohio. Prohibition National Convention, July 14 to 16. Tickets sold July 10 to 13, good to return until July 24, inclusive.

Indianapolis, Ind. National Convention, A. O. H., July 20 to 25. Tickets sold July 17 to 19, good to return until July 31, inclusive.

Toledo, Ohio. National Encampment, G. A. R., August 31 to September 5. Tickets sold August 27 to 30, good to return until September 15, inclusive.

Denver, Col. Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., September 19 to 26. Tickets sold September 15 to 17, good to return until September 30, inclusive.

The Pennsylvania Railroad maintains a comprehensive schedule of fast express trains to Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus, Cleveland and Toledo from the principal cities of the East.

Full details of the reduced fare arrangements for these conventions and the through western train service, may be obtained of any Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent.

New Spring Hats

Swell Clothing

New Neckwear

Everything up-to-date for Men.

We Like Lookers.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

ONIONS	LETTUCE
RADISHES	CUCUMBERS
CELERY	SPINACH
TOMATOES	STRAWBERRIES

Fresh Every Day at

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

Grocery

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

The Lindholm Co.

House Cleaning sets most everyone "figuring."

Be wise: Let us do the figuring for you on Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Window Shades and Curtins.

We are at it every day and can help you if you will let us. Save you money, too. We can tell you how.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

LAWN MOWERS.

Ball Bearing, Adjusted Rollers, and Self-Sharpening Knives. Our stock comprises the best Mowers on the market. The old reliable Pennsylvania, the standard for 25 years. The Harvard, Clear Cut, Cornell and others.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 28, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See the Bradford Minstrels.

—G. W. Brennan, the cash grocer, has a new ad.

—Many people enjoyed themselves at the park Sunday.

—Read what "my wife says" in Monheimer's ad to-day.

—Remember the Bradford Minstrels at the Lyceum this evening.

—Last week the Port Allegany Reporter started on its 35th year.

—Clair White and family have moved into the Ramsey house on Mechanic street.

—A ten cent dance will be given on the fair grounds on Friday of next week and all are invited.

—Twenty-one tickets were sold at the Shawmut station for the excursion to Olean last Sunday.

—Fry & Comes are advertising a carpet and rug sale in to-day's issue which should be read by all.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Wright of Marvin creek, Monday evening, May 25th, a 12 pound girl.

—A. H. Kidder is erecting scaffolding around the clock on the court house preparatory to painting the woodwork.

—Purtle's orchestra will give a dance and concert at the Lyceum next Thursday evening, June 4th. Tickets $1.00. Everybody invited.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett received a message at 11:30 this morning stating that her brother-in-law, R. L. Bisett, had just died in Bradford.

—During the hard storm of Tuesday afternoon one of the round windows in the east tower of St. Elizabeth's church was blown out and badly shattered.

—The Bradford Minstrels will be at the Lyceum this evening. This company is composed of many clever artists and should be greeted with a large audiance.

—Until further notice the W. C. T. U. will be held on Wednesday. Members are requested to be present on Wednesday, June 3rd, at 2:30 in the M. E. chapel. It is an important meeting. Visitors are welcome.

—Peter Straight died at the County home Monday evening at about 6 o'clock aged 67, the cause of death being kidney trouble. Mr. Straight was an old soldier and leaves one son. His former home was at Duke Center where his remains were taken Tuesday for burial.

—The regular June term of criminal court will convene on Monday next. A large list of cases are on for trial and it will be a busy week with court officials.

—The State clay pigeon shoot which is being held at Bradford this week is a great success, and much praise is due the association as well as the Bradford sportsmen.

—William McCauley of Kane met with sudden death Thursday. He had been at work all day in Wetmore township and was on his way home when he dropped dead.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Strong on Tuesday, May 26, twins. The pair are bright, healthy little girls and our Chief Burgess is about the proudest man in town.

—Last Sunday evening services were held at St. Elizabeth's church for the G. A. R., and many people were present and listened to the able sermon delivered by the Rev. J. F. Dugan.

—The supper given by the ladies of the Baptist church at the house house last evening was a decided success. The victuals were excellent and tastily served and the attendance was large.

—Don't forget the Bradford Minstrels at the Lyceum this evening. They have made a decided hit in other neighboring towns and cities and we are informed that you will miss a first-class evening of amusement if you do not attend this preformance. Prices are 25, 35 and 50.

—Henry S. Goodman, an old time minstrel and Civil war veteran, died Thursday morning at his home in Friendship, where he had lived for several years, and where he was manager of the Goodman opera house. He was 72 years old and unmarried. The body was taken to Niagara Falls for burial.

—Mrs. Gerhart Anderson, formerly Miss Ida Erickson, died at her home in Clermont on Sunday last. She is survived by a loving husband and infant daughter. Mrs. Anderson was highly respected and and had a host of friends who will deeply mourn her demise. Funeral services were held at Clermont on Wednesday at 1 o'clock p. m.

—Mrs. Marshall Shooks fell and broke her shoulder in two places at about midnight on Monday. She was awakened by sounds coming from her mother's room and started to go to see what was wrong. In some way she fell with the above result. A physician was called and made her as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Her many friends will hope for her speedy recovery.

—Elias M. Fry died at his home in Buffalo on Monday, aged 66 years. He is survived by his wife, Catherine Howser Fry, three sons, Sandford L. of this borough, Charles W. and William B. and three daughters Mrs. G. J. Whitehead, Mrs. Ernest M. Birdsall and Lottie M. Fry all of Buffalo. The funeral services were held at his late residence, 1314 West Ave., Buffalo, Tuesday evening and his remains were laid at rest at Campdon, Ont., on Wednesday. The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of a large circle of friends in Smethport and vicinity.

—A rumor has been circulated that the O'dell who is to be hanged in Cameron county in a few days for the murder of his wife, is the Charles O'dell who spent part of his boyhood days in Smethport. However such is not the case as the O'dell who is to pay the penalty of his crime is a West Virginia product and in no way related to the O'dell family well-known here. It was hard for us to believe that the Charles O'dell whom we know could be guilty of such a crime for he was a peaceful and upright young man and we are glad to inform our readers the rumor in absolutely false.

—Michael Engen of DuBois, employed as head brakeman on B., R. & P. freight No. 33, met a terrible death in the yards at Bradford Sunday afternoon. The freight was pulling into the yards ahead of a passenger train, Engen was on the locomotive and went out over the running board to the pilot to be ready to throw open a switch to avoid the coming train. No one saw the accident. The locomotive was moving slowly and when the engineer found the switch unopened he stopped and found the body badly mangled. Mr. Engen is survived by a widow and seven young children in DuBois.

—A small boy presented a check at the Bradford National bank yesterday made payable to the Star Publishing company and signed with the name of L. H. Ross. The bank sent the boy away to have the check endorsed. He went away but upon his return presented another check made out to "Cash" and signed with Mr. Ross' name. This time the check was carefully examined and found to be a forgery. The boy, or someone older than himself who worked in collusion with him, had endorsed the name "Albert Alton" on the check. The bank people kept the check but allowed the boy to depart. The police have been notified.—Tuesday's Star.

—The Graduating Class of 1908 of the Smethport high school has issued invitations for the Commencement exercises. The Class Day exercises will be held at the school house on Wednesday, June 3, at 8 o'clock and the Graduating exercises will be held at the Lyceum on Friday evening, June 5, at 8:30 o'clock. Excellent programs have been arranged for these occasions. The class comprises nine young ladies and six young men as follows:—Misses Sarah Zeis, Brastel, Anna Elfrieda Carroll, Bessie Engstrom, Cora Etta Erhart, Edna Cynthia Freeman, Belva Elizabeth Gerrit, Hazel Marguerite McAllister, Ina Mae Milroy and Letha Mae Stull, and Messrs. Wallace J. Bisset, Edward Glavin, James R. McGowan, Frederick W. Specht, Ralph W. Herzog, and Samuel B. Stull. This is the largest class that has graduated from the Smethport high school in a good many years.

Personal Mention.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was in town Tuesday.

Miss Carrie Wilkinson returned to Olean Monday.

Frank H. Lowery of Bradford was in town Saturday.

John Connelly of Olean was in town the first of the week.

Tom Ashton of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. Mary A. Backus was at West Line on business this week.

A. J. Gilfillen was a Buffalo business visitor the first of the week.

A. D. Rathburn of Erie is the guest of C. A. Burdick this week.

Misses Alice Connelly and Anna Fry were Olean visitors Sunday.

Miss Hilda Grierson of Crosby was a Sunday visitor in this place.

Mrs. Stephen Patterson of Kasson visited relatives in town Monday.

Mrs. Julius Flatow of Hazelhurst was visiting friends in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Park returned home Monday from Ambridge, Pa.

Paul Doville was the guest of his parents in Eldred the first of the week.

Ernest Hamilton returned from a business trip to Bradford, Tuesday.

Mrs. Clifford Burlingame and son, Creighton, visited in Olean Monday.

Miss Mildred Lyle of Kinzua is visiting her brother, Theron Lyle, this week.

Will Blake of Eldred was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Clayton Backus, Friday.

Dr. Hamilton and John M. Hilton went to Kane Sunday in Mr. Hilton's car.

Miss Edith McGuier was a guest of Olean friends from Friday until Monday.

Attorneys E. R. Mayo and F. B. Gallup had business in Emporium this week.

Mrs. Frank Warenburger and children of Baltimore have returned to this place.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett were town visitors the first of this week.

Miss Rose Schnauble of Olean was visiting relatives and friends in town this week.

F. M. D. Watkins of St. Marys passed Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright.

Mrs. M. S. Geary and two children returned from Mt. Alton Tuesday evening after a few days' visit with relatives and friends.

Fred Eckert of Hazelhurst was in town Monday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and Mrs. Horace H. Redfield were Kane visitors Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. O. Herzog was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Anderson of Colegrove, this week.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan and daughter, Helen, of St. Marys were visiting friends in town Monday.

Mrs. Stephen McClafferty and two sons of Hazelhurst visited relatives in town the first of the week.

F. J. Shattuck of Limeville was visiting his daughter, Mrs. H. L. Backus, the first of the week.

Ransom Wettenhall returned Monday evening from Cleveland, where he had been visiting friends.

A. J. Warshofsky of Rochester was greeting his many friends in town the fore part of the week.

Misses Fay Knapp and Gertrude Woodall passed Sunday with Miss Magdeline Butterwoich of Olean.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Backus, F. J. Shattuck and Mrs. F. W. Dickens were Port Allegany visitors Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Hartmayer of Buffalo is the guest of her sisters, Miss Nettie Dunkley and Mrs. O. H. Curtis.

Mrs. Frank Grover of Limehouse was visiting her sister, Mrs. Ada Marshall, the latter part of last week.

Roy Stark left Saturday for Bradford where he has accepted a good position with the Barnsdell Printing Co.

Waldo Sasse of Kane returned home Friday after visiting relatives and friends in town for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gifford and two children of Congress Park, Ill., are visiting relatives and friends in town.

Maude Huzzy left Wednesday for Colegrove where she will visit her mother, Mrs. Ray, for a short time.

Leo Uhrl returned from Kane on Sunday with Orlo J. Hamlin's new White steamer, seven passenger car.

Miss Sarah Greer returned Saturday night from Gardeau, where she has been the able teacher of the schools in that place.

Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie are visiting at the home of Mrs. Mitchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ostrander, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Abbey and son, Russel, Dr. Ostrander, Mrs. Ada Marshall, Walter Breitenman and Earl Hafner were sight-seeing at the Kinzua viaduct Sunday.

The following were among the Olean visitors Sunday, John Digel, Frank Hester, Charles Ballard, Thos. Murphy, Fred Taylor, William McCarty, Robert Rayner, Paul Cramsie, Cort Corwin and Lewis Dickinson.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $293,000.00

Resources about $900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

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Wm. MONHEIMER'S

MY WIFE

says "one good Wash Suit is worth ½ doz. of any other kind." She ought to know because

OUR BOY

wears the kind I sell. They are, indeed, dandy little Wash Suits, which we sell for $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00. We show a large variety this season in all colors and styles. Surely you can find here something for

YOUR BOY

that will look and wear well, Suits that will NOT FADE in washing.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Extraordinary Rug Sale.

FRIDAY, MAY 29.

The McGee Carpet Co., large manufacturers of Rugs, found themselves overstocked owing to the recent financial depression.

To turn the goods into cash quickly they are shipping them out to different stores (only one in a town) with instructions to hold a special sale and return the left-overs, if any. You may be sure the prices made to us under the circumstances would be very low and that we would pass them on to our customers at a big saving, as we have no risks to take and no investment of money.

We consider ourselves very fortunate in being one of stores selected for this great Rug Sale, and congratulate the people of Smethport on this really big money saving event. Note the Prices—You save from 75c to $5.00 on every rug.

27in. x 54in. Velvets	$1.25	36in. x 72in. Velvets	$2.50
6 ft. x 9 ft. "	8.75	9 ft. x 12 ft.	15.50
3 ft. x 4 ft. Ingrains	3.75	3 ft. x 4 ft. Ingrains	5.25

3 ft. x 4 ft. Ingrains (all wool) at $7.90.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

Do you know that now is the time to can your Pine Apples?

We will have some nice ones next week and the prices will be right.

Our Canned Goods are all O. K. in price and quality. Try them.

Corn	10c and 12c
Peas	11c " 13c
Tomatoes	10c " 12c

Other goods equally as low in price.

Potatoes now selling at 90c bushel.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

LIST OF

Second-hand Cars Now on Hand for Sale Very Cheap

One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.
" " F, " " " " " " " "
One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order, new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00
One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger. Car in good running order, ... price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Delaying a Voyage.

By FRANCES TRUMBULL.

Copyrighted, 1906, by Associated Literary Press.

Had either Paul or Kate been less stubborn their little misunderstanding would have healed quickly, and the solitaire would have gleamed on Kate's finger instead of hiding its brilliant light in a tiny corner of the safe in Paul's office. Instead pride held sway, and just to show that she did not care Kate flirted outrageously with John Trent.

Just who Trent was no one seemed to know exactly. It was said that he was looking for a site for a summer hotel which should bring prosperity to the island. Certain it was that a speedy team from the livery took him on many tours of the island, and during these trips Kate frequently occupied the seat of the cutter with him.

Paul Condon, whose duties held him closely at the dock, watched them speed past on their way to visit some likely location, and, with a heavy heart, he wondered what the outcome would be. He neither liked nor trusted Trent, wherein he stood alone, for Trent had wormed himself into the good graces of most of the islanders. At the simple entertainments of its social life he was always the most welcome guest, while Paul, glowering in a corner and refusing to take part in any of the games suggested by Trent, found less and less sympathy as Trent's popularity grew.

It was not often that Paul attended social affairs now, urging the office as an excuse, though he had not found it difficult to leave the dock even on sailing nights when he was to act as escort to Kate Pyfrom. He and his father owned the steamer Robert G., which made semiweekly trips to the mainland. In winter this was about the only means of communication, for the heavy gales made the passage of the pleasure sloops almost impossible, and the stanchers boats were engaged on the fishing banks. The Robert G. carried the catch across the strait to the city, and it was this traffic which made a regular communication with the mainland possible.

The sailings were scheduled for 6 o'clock, but if the fishing boats were late coming in the steamer would be held until their arrival, and frequently it was long after midnight before the start was made.

This furnished Paul with the excuse for remaining away from merrymakings, and gradually in the society of the fishermen and merchants he heard little of what was going on, though Kate's increasing fondness for Trent was gossip even among the seafarers.

So completely had he isolated himself from the local gossip that he was surprised when one sailing day George Pyfrom drove his daughter up to the dock and engaged passage for her across to the mainland.

"She's going to visit her Aunt Kate down to Boston," he explained as he laid down the money for a round trip ticket. "It's good for young folks to visit around a bit. I think a trip to Boston would be good for you just now, Paul."

There was meaning in the tones, but Paul shook his head.

"I guess there's no chance even in Boston, captain," he declared. "I guess I've lost all hold on Kate."

Pyfrom, unconvinced, shook his head, but he offered no further argument, and after learning that the fishing fleet would be in late he stamped out of the office and on board the steamer to see that Kate was made comfortable.

It was the rule that passengers should be aboard at the announced sailing time, and when 6 o'clock came Paul locked the ticket drawer and went out on the dock to look after some freight. He studiously avoided glancing toward the after part of the steamer, where the passenger accommodations were, and he did not notice the white, wistful face pressed against the pane of one of the staterooms.

Nor did he see that the face was still there when he returned from supper and the first of the fishing fleet lined up alongside of the dock and began to pass the barrels of fish across the dock to the steamer.

From that time on all was confusion. As rapidly as a boat could unload she gave place to another, and by midnight the last of the cargoes was stowed and the sailors began to make preparations to cast off.

Paul had gone to the gangplank to see that all was right when Trent endeavored to press past him. For a moment Paul hesitated, then resolutely he barred the way.

"Tickets," he demanded. Trent laughed.

"I'll fix it with the purser," he assured.

"You cannot get aboard without a ticket," Paul insisted.

"Then sell me one," suggested Trent, setting down his suit case and drawing out his bill fold.

"The sale of tickets stopped at 6 o'clock," reminded Paul. "No more tickets will be sold for this voyage. You will have to wait until Thursday."

"It is vital that I should catch this boat," declared Trent. "I just happened to remember that I have an important stockholders' meeting in New York on Friday."

"You should have remembered before 6 o'clock," said Paul. "I cannot let you board the steamer now."

"You can't stop me," blustered Trent. "You are a common carrier, and you have to give me passage."

"I know the law," insisted Paul. "You cannot sail on the Robert G. tonight. That is all there is to it."

"Afraid that I'm going to elope with Kate?" sneered Trent.

"I thought that you knew she was aboard," retorted Paul. "I tell you that you can't sail."

With an oath Trent struck at his rival, but the blow was easily blocked and the next instant Paul had Trent by the collar. Dragging him away from the gangplank, he gave orders for the plank to be removed, but just as the crew grasped the ropes to carry out his command a slender figure sped across the already moving boards and sprang between the two men.

"You must let Mr. Trent come, Paul," pleaded Kate. "I know that it is important that he should reach the mainland. Won't you please let him come?"

"Not until he explains this."

The three started at the sound of Captain Crosby's voice, and Trent made an effort to slip from his captors and spring aboard the steamer, which was already slipping past the dock.

Crosby's grasp prevented the move and Paul and Kate looked with astonishment at the suit case which had been broken open when struck by the gangplank and forced against a post. It was packed solid with greenbacks and bonds in place of clothing.

"It looks to me as though our friend had paid a visit to the bank just before he left," commented Crosby as he extracted two revolvers from Trent's overcoat pockets. "I'm constable here, and I guess we'll put Mr. Trent where he can't get away. He knew that everybody 'd be down to the dock to see the steamer sail and it would be easy to get into the vault of the First National."

One glance at Trent's face showed the constable's surmise to be correct, and, with a little cry, Kate swayed and fell into Paul's arms.

Rapidly he bore her into the tiny office, shutting out the crowd of curious citizens, who thereupon followed Crosby and his prisoner toward the village lockup. It needed only a glass of water to revive Kate, and, with a little moan, she sat up.

"And to think that I was going to elope with him!" she gasped. "He asked father's consent to our marriage, and father refused it. Father was sending me to Boston to forget the disappointment, and it was agreed that John should take the steamer at the last moment. I didn't know that—that"—

"That he was going to rob the bank on his way to the steamer?" asked Paul. "I'm sorry for you, Kate."

"I'm not," she said, with sudden spirit. "I've been silly and stubborn. It has not only saved me from eloping with a thief, but it has shown me"—

She paused in confusion, and Paul took her in his arms.

—It has shown you that it was I, after all?" he questioned.

Her look made answer, and his arms tightened protectingly about the girl.

"We'll sail on the next steamer," he promised, "and it will be on our honeymoon. I guess you'll enjoy the trip more than you would have tonight's voyage."

"I'm glad I waited," assented Kate, but her glance told more than that.

How Do You Laugh?

Laughter varies greatly. In the right kind there is something contagious, even if oneself be the cause of it. It is the product of good humor; there is nothing concealed behind it. Frank, spontaneous and whole-souled, it has a beneficial effect both on the laugher and his hearers.

But there are other kinds of laughter. Of these the sneering laugh is the most familiar. Then there is the quiet laugh—a stilliant, secretive sort of thing, which is almost invariably a sign of mischief. Another laugh, disagreeable to hear, is high-pitched and nervous-sounding. It is the outcome of embarrassment or merely a vocal habit.

Perhaps the worst laugh of all is the mirthless sound occasioned by the distress or embarrassment of others, and it invariably wounds most the butt of it. A person who has been thus laughed at and hurt is never likely to forget the experience.—Liverpool Mercury.

Chinese Parental Authority.

A remarkable event occurred at Tsingkiangpu. A man by the name of King had a son who made his father and mother "lose face" because of the wild, rakish life he led. He gambled, dealed, smoked opium, etc. If he stole, his father would be taken to the yahmen, and the whole family would suffer for the son's villainy, and the vital question was, How could the family be protected? At last they arrived at the conclusion that the only way to protect the father and mother was to take extreme measures with the son, which they did with a vengeance. The father and uncle took him out among the graves, followed by a crowd of curious neighbors and friends, and, putting a rope around his neck, each relative pulled on an end, and the son was put beyond ruining the family in this world.—North China Herald.

Right. For Once.

In an argument upon modern philanthropy, of which as it is usually conducted he disapproves, a university professor had for opponent a charity expert.

In the argument's course the expert pointed out a case where his society, stepping in with financial aid, unquestionably saved the lives of an entire family.

"Now, what do you say to that?" the expert triumphantly demanded.

"Oh," grumbled the professor, "even modern philanthropy will do good sometimes. It is like the case of a west side Mrs. Malaprop. The rain fell in torrents as she came out of church after the service the other afternoon. She had no umbrella, and she had not ordered her carriage.

"'How irrigating this is!' she exclaimed."—New York Sun.

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use, put up in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. One application proves its worth. Soothes and heals, reduces inflammation and relieves soreness and itching. For all forms of piles. Price 50c. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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SUNSET AT GUAYAQUIL.

There Is No Twilight, No Interval Between Daylight and Dark.

The days and nights at Guayaquil are of equal length. The sun knocks off promptly at 6 o'clock in the evening and gets up at 6 in the morning with equal regularity the whole year around. There is no twilight, no gloaming, no interval whatever between daylight and dark—only a brilliant illumination, the sudden disappearance of a red ball into a blue ocean, a spread of flame color over all the western sky for a few minutes and a purple haze in the east.

Then the surface of the ocean, like the heavens, is lighted with millions of strange and shifting stars, for the water is so impregnated with phosphorus that each tiny wave is tipped with light, and the foam that follows in the wake of the vessel is often like a stream of fire. Sometimes you can see porpoises swimming along the bow of the vessel livid with phosphorescent light and followed by a streak of sparks like a comet's tail.

The Southern Cross, with the right arm tipped out at proper angle, lies straight ahead in the midst of myriads of unknown worlds that look strange to those accustomed to the northern constellations. Under the left arm is a large black spot in the heavens, brightened by only a single modest star, which the sailors call "the devil's dinner bag." Over the stern of the vessel in the early evening you can plainly distinguish the familiar constellation of the Great Bear, but it goes to bed with the children.

HIS SERVICES.

What Became of All the Bills He Introduced in Congress.

"Yes, my fellow citizens," said the political candidate, "if you have paid any attention to the work of congress you will have noticed that during the past session I introduced twenty-two bills, each of which was intended to benefit this community. I stand before you today with the proud consciousness of having served you faithfully and to the best of my ability. Those twenty-two bills would, if they had been passed, have made this one of the most favored districts on God's green earth, and"—

"Oh," yelled a man in the gallery, "we know you introduced 'em, all right, but what happened to 'em after that?"

"Gentlemen, I appeal to your sense of honor. Do you consider it fair that I should be interrupted in this manner? Is it right that I should"—

"There ain't no harm in answerin' the question, is there?" asked another of the statesman's hearers.

"Well, sir, I will tell you what became of those bills, my fellow citizens. Every one of them was printed in the [illegible] and if you will look over the files you may find them today. Put to revert to the second question contained, I do not hesitate to promise that no man living in this, the most splendid district in our grand old state, shall appeal to me in vain. If you shall deem it best to send me back to Washington, where I have served you with such signal ability."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Ticket That Came Back.

A prominent railway man tells of a railway ticket that took a sudden journey on its own account. It appears that as a northbound train on the Colorado and Southern road passed one of the stations a passenger in a forward car raised a window, and in an instant his ticket was blown from his hands. The passenger naturally gave it up for lost and was much surprised when the baggagemaster handed it to him a little while later. It appears that when the ticket flew through the window a southbound train was passing. The suction of that train, which was moving at a rapid rate, drew the ticket along with it, and as it passed the rear end of the northbound train it blew into the door of the smoking car. There it was found by the baggagemaster.—Minneapolis Journal.

Moscow's Beggars.

Of the beggars so characteristic of Russia's ancient capital a writer says: "The old city of Moscow could not easily be dissociated from the famous beggars who haunt its streets. The city belongs to them. If the city rats own the drains, they own the streets. They are part of the city; they are in perfect harmony with it. Take away the beggars and you destroy something vital. Some are so old and weather battered that they make the Kremlin itself look older, and of those who lie at the monastery doors some are so fearfully pitiable in their decrepitude that they lend power to the churches."

His View of It.

A little boy had been sent to the dairy to get some eggs, and on his way back he dropped the basket containing them.

"How many did you break?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I didn't break any," he replied, "but the shells came off some of them."

Keeping His Word.

Mrs. Fogarty (in fashionable restaurant)—Now, for goodness' sake, Mike, don't order Irish stew.

Mr. Fogarty—All right, I won't, dear. Waither, fetch me nyther some Hibernian sney or Celtic goulash!—Puck.

She Didn't Understand.

"Can you tell your present fiance's ring?" inquired the romantic girl as the doorbell sounded.

"Why, certainly," answered her practical friend, "it's the newest of the lot."—St. Louis Republic.

Age glides stealthily on and beguiles us as it flies.—Ovid.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

ECCENTRIC STAMPS.

Blunders That Bring Joy to the Hearts of Philatelists.

"The fascination of stamp collecting," said a postal official, "lies in the rare finds which are continually made and the curious points which sometimes make a stamp of the face value of a few pence worth hundreds of pounds. For instance, the twopence blue Mauritius stamp which the Prince of Wales bought at a public auction for £1,450 was unique in one respect—the proper wording on it, 'Post Paid Mauritius,' had by a strange error been altered to 'Post Office Mauritius.'

"Another stamp which has been priced at several hundred pounds is valuable for the mere misspelling of a single word. It is a British Guiana issue worth just 1 cent, but it is sought after by all collectors because the word 'Pathmusque' figures on it instead of 'Pathmushe.'

"Again, a one penny Cape of Good Hope stamp changed hands the other day for nearly £200 simply because instead of being red, as are all the others of this issue, its color was blue.

"Some years ago in Western Australia a few stamps were printed with the figure of a swan upside down upon them. When the mistake was detected the issue was hastily destroyed. Several specimens had escaped, and one of them has been sold for £400."—London Tit-Bits.

THE SORROWFUL TREE.

Its Flowers Open at Night and Close With the Dawn of Day.

There is a tree in Persia to which the name "the sorrowful tree" is given, perhaps because it blossoms only in the evening. When the first star appears in the heavens the first bud of the sorrowful tree opens, and as the shades of night advance and the stars thickly stud the sky the buds continue gradually opening until the whole tree looks like one luminous white flower. On the approach of dawn, when the brilliancy of the stars gradually fades in the light of day, the sorrowful tree closes its flowers, and ere the sun is fully risen not a single blossom is visible. A sheet of flower dust as white as snow covers the ground around the foot of the tree, which seems blighted and withered during the day, while, however, it is actively preparing for the next nocturnal festival. The fragrance of the blossoms is like that of the evening primrose.

If the tree be cut down close to the roots a new plant shoots up and attains maturity in an incredibly short time.

In the vicinity of this singular tree there usually grows another which is almost an exact counterpart of the sorrowful tree, but less beautiful, and, strange to say, it blooms only in the daytime.

Strong Rooms.

The Bank of England's strong room is one of the largest in the world. The foundation, sixty-six feet below the street level, is a bed of concrete twelve feet thick. Above this is a lake seven feet deep, and above that thick plates of iron specially manufactured to resist both skill and force. Any one attempting an entrance from above would find a similar bed of concrete, a similar lake and similar plates of iron. The walls are impenetrable, while the doors are one foot thick, weigh four tons each and are made absolutely undrillable.

The Imperial Ottoman bank, Constantinople, has a marvelous steel fort built upon a water bearing rock, and on top of the rock foundation is a four foot bed of concrete. The height is over thirty-six feet, length forty-six feet and width twenty-four. The steel walls are surrounded by masonry and concrete six feet thick throughout, while the whole comprises nearly thirty tons of steel.

Circulation of the Blood.

The idea of some sort of movement of the blood in man and the lower animals was possessed by Aristotle and other Greeks and by the physicians of the Alexandrian school as well as by the doctors and surgeons of the middle ages. In fact even the village barbers knew of such movement. But no one, not even the wisest of men, had any conception of a continuous stream returning to its source—a circulation in the true sense of the word—or of the functions of the heart as the motor power of the movement of the blood until it was demonstrated by Harvey in 1628.

The "Letters of Junius."

The vexed question of the real authorship of the "Letters of Junius" has never been positively settled. Mr. Chalmers learned work to show that Sir Philip Francis was the author of the famous letters, while a strong production, fails of absolute proof. The attempt was made to prove that Thomas Paine wrote the letters, but that, too, failed to convince. The question is still a mystery, though the balance of the evidence is in favor of Sir Philip Francis.

Dad Gets Sarcastic.

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely. To develop the arms I grasp this rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father. "What won't science discover? If that rod had struck at the other end you'd be sweeping."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Thanks For His Money.

Weekle—So Slippsy is a defaulter, eh? Deekle—So they say. Weekle—By George! I always wondered why he said "Thank You" so pleasantly every time I made a deposit.—Bohemian Magazine.

PATRICK HENRY.

A Saint in Religious Matters, but Different in Politics.

The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography has a number of letters by Roger Atkinson, a Virginia planter, who came from Cumberland, England, about 1760 and settled near Petersburg. To his brother-in-law, Samuel Pleasant of Philadelphia, he writes in October, 1774, concerning Virginia's recently appointed seven delegates to the first Philadelphia congress. The spirit of the man is shrewd, but obviously not reverential:

"Ye 3d gentleman, Col'o Washington, was bred a soldier—a warrior, & distinguished himself in early life before & at ye Death of ye unfortunate but intrepid Braddock. He is a modest man, but sensible & speaks little—in action cool, like a Bishop at his prayer.

"The 4th a real half Quaker, Patrick Henry, your Brother's man—moderate & mild & in religious matter a Saint but ye very Devil in Politicks—a son of Thunder—Boan-Erges—the Patriotic Farmer will explain this—I know it is above your Thumbs. He will shake ye Senate & Some years ago had like to have talked Treason in ye House. In these times a very useful man, a notable American, very stern & steady in his country's cause & at ye same time such a foot that I verily believe it w'd puzzle even a king to buy him off—he's a second Shippen—oh, that he had the handling of some of our Courtiers—for instance, was it North or South—Scotch English or Welsh (ye poor Irish have enough of it in their own country) our Patrick w'd certainly be very uncivil—he is no Macaroni."

FLOATING IN THE AIR.

The Impression on Ascending in a Free Balloon.

One of the first questions which I am usually asked by persons seeking information about balloons is, "What is the sensation of going up in a balloon?" writes Captain C. DeF. Chandler, U. S. A. I will anticipate this same inquiry of the readers of this article and state for their information that in a free balloon I have not noticed any peculiar physical sensation which can be described. It would be like trying to describe standing still as a sensation. The impression on ascending in a free balloon is more an optical illusion. The ascent is so slow and gentle that it cannot be felt, and one has the impression that the balloon is motionless and the earth gradually dropping away. All the noises and shouts of the people become fainter and die out. As the altitude increases hills and valleys are not apparent, and the earth seems flat, like a beautiful colored map, showing cultivated fields, forests, etc.

The greatest part of the time a balloon is moving either upward or downward, but the motion is not apparent, and it requires a statoscope to indicate whether the balloon is ascending or descending. If a considerable change of altitude is made in a short time, the difference in air pressure may be felt on the ear drums. In descending even quite rapidly I have never had any sensation of falling.—Journal of Military Service.

The Bath of the Future.

"The bath of the next century," says R. Baron Russell in his book, "A Hundred Years Hence," "will lave the body speedily with oxygenated water delivered with a force that will render rubbing unnecessary, and beside it will stand the drying cupboard, filled with some quickly moving arrangement of soft brushes and fed with a highly desiccated air, from which, almost in a moment, the bather will emerge dried and with a skin gently stimulated and perhaps electrified, to clothe himself quickly and pass down the lift to his breakfast, which he will eat to the accompaniment of a summary of the morning's news read out for the benefit of the family or whispered into his ears by a talking machine."

St. Peter's in Rome.

From the beginning of the foundation to the time when the great church of St. Peter's in Rome could be said to be complete three and a half centuries had elapsed, eighteen architects had been employed and forty-three popes had reigned. The cost of the great church can never be known with exactness. At the end of the seventeenth century it had cost $50,000,000, without including the sacristy bell towers, etc. The last important work on the edifice was done by Pope Pius IX., on the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Michelangelo.—New York American.

Marital Punishment.

"So you have had it out with your wife? How did you manage it?"

"Took her up to Niagara and showed her the most remarkable echo in the world."

"How did that cure her? What did an echo have to do with her unlady-like conduct?"

"The echo had the last word."—New York Press.

Men Are So Unreasonable.

The young wife cannot understand why, if she only has a vase of fresh flowers on the table at breakfast, her husband should find fault just because the steak is burned.—Somerville Journal.

A Different March.

School Inspector—Now, children, what is it that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb? Small Girl—Please, sir, it's father when mother has been giving him a talking to.—London Express.

The world is full of men and women who do nothing. They generally impose on some one who works too much. —Atchison Globe.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Honesdale.
State Senator—B. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. P. Halsted, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—A. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Wallace, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. White, E. W. Workley, G. R. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Shuey.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—U. R. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. R. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Ryan.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rublin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at nine o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Military degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third; and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 373, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 547, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WHITNEY, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. AUDELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. E. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARTLETT, Pres.
MRS. MARY K. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
FRANCES EDWARDS, Secretary.

Phœnix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORE HOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; junior League at 3:00 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:00 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 4 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church buildings. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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He Led Them From Libby.

Death of General Thomas E. Rose Recalls Daring Deed of the Dark Days.

THOMAS E. ROSE, U. S. A., brevet brigadier general, retired, who died in Washington on Dec. 18 last, led the party of Union soldiers who dug their way out of Libby prison during the civil war, says the New York Evening Post.

General Rose was captured in the battle of Chickamauga. He escaped at Weldon, N. C., was retaken the next day and sent to Libby prison on Oct. 1, 1863.

The forlorn conditions at Libby prison in 1863 are well known. The building itself was an old ship's chandlery warehouse, embracing nine large rooms, into which were crowded 1,200 prisoners. Quarters were so cramped that the inmates had to sleep "spoon fashion," head to head and feet to feet, in squads. There was no furniture in the building, and only a few of the early comers possessed such luxuries as old army blankets or knives, cups or tin plates. As a rule, the prisoner by the time he reached Libby found himself deprived of all these accouterments.

Outside the prison, to the south, was a canal, in wet weather the cellar of

A VOLUME OF COOL AIR POURED OVER HIM.

the prison would become flooded with water, and platoons of hungry rats emerged from its ancient walls on the surface of the tide. The easternmost ceiling was the worst and was known as Rats' hell.

From the first day of his incarceration Rose's mind turned to thoughts of escape, and all through the course of the partly successful plot he was the engineer and captain. He found a loyal lieutenant in Major A. G. Hamilton of the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, and together the two men decided that the most feasible plan was to dig a tunnel from Rats' hell eastward, a distance of about seventy feet, to an empty shed abutting on a building owned by the James River Towing company. The exterior of the prison was carefully guarded night and day by sentinels, but indoors the vigilance was somewhat relaxed at night. At one time more than 400 prisoners were in the secret of the work, all under oath, but by some miracle the Confederates did not discover what was on foot.

Work was begun with a broken shovel and two case knives. With infinite pains the men cut through stone walls and piling in various places only to find themselves frustrated, now by water from the canal, now by some impassable obstacle. They tried to avail themselves of old sewers, but one was too small and one debouched in too public a spot. Finally they adopted the plan of digging eastward to the shelter of the other building.

Rose picked out thirteen faithful followers in addition to himself and Hamilton. Most of the others had been discouraged by the slime, the foul air and the ill success of previous attempts. Rose and his little band went on indefatigably, scarcely eating, scarcely sleeping, engrossed in the one feverish thought of liberty. At best it would be a slender chance. The streets of Richmond were patrolled by southern pickets, and friends were few for escaped Yankees wearing prison stained blue uniforms. But hope, springing persistently, drove them on.

By great good fortune Rose had come into possession of a rope nearly a hundred feet long, an inch thick and new. By an agreement between the commissioners of exchange several bales of clothing had been sent by the Federal government to the suffering soldiers at Belle Isle. A committee of Union officers from Libby prison had been assigned to supervise the distribution, and one of them by a bit of clever legerdemain managed to secrete the rope which bound one of the bales. Rose and Hamilton fashioned it into a ladder.

They concluded that the safest means of getting into Rats' hell without detection would be to dig a secret passage from the kitchen, which was on the floor above, but not directly over Rats' hell. Carefully digging out the mortar with a jackknife, they removed the bricky one by one from the back of the large open fireplace. When morning came they replaced the bricks and filled the crevices with soot, which they had taken the precaution to collect beforehand on a blanket. After several nights' work they had an S shaped passage down which they could descend to Rats' hell by means of their rope ladder.

The wall of that east cellar had to be broken in three places before a place was found where the earth would support a tunnel. Rose dug assiduously, while Hamilton passed air in to him and dragged the excavated material out as fast as it was ready. Without the artificial ventilation the tallow dip by which Rose worked would go out and Rose would suffocate. A wooden box which had been used as a spittoon served very well to draw the earth out of the passageway, part of the precious rope having been attached to it to enable the outside worker to pull it out and in turn the digger to pull it in. As fast as the earth was taken out it was hidden under a deep layer of filthy hay which covered the floor of the damp cellar.

The average diameter of the tunnel was about two feet. As the work progressed it was pushed with greater haste. Usually one man would dig and fill the spittoon with earth, at a given signal a second would draw the spittoon out, a third man would keep the air moving by fanning it with a rubber blanket, a fourth would act as relief, while a fifth would keep guard. As there were fifteen in the plot, they were able to work in three relays. The work was fearfully monotonous, however. Absolute silence was necessary, and when the men became separated they had to find each other by groping around in the darkness.

The rules of the prison required that the prisoners should be counted twice a day. To account for the absence of the five men who were at work each day their comrades resorted to various "repeating" devices and managed to be counted twice in sufficient numbers to make up the deficiency.

The whole plot was nearly upset by Hamilton's eagerness to see it brought to a successful end. Being certain that the tunnel was sufficiently long, he dug upward, contrary to Rose's counsel, and found, to his dismay, that the hole he had broken was outside the shed in plain view of the sentinels if they chose to notice it. Rose then pushed an old shoe through the hole and the next day by looking up his upper window saw where the old shoe lay and made a recalculation.

On Saturday, Feb. 6, 1864, it seemed almost certain that the Confederates had discovered the plot. Rose decided to push the work to an immediate conclusion. On Sunday Rats' hell was mentally neglected by the Confederates, and Rose entered the tunnel and worked all day without food or rest, accomplishing twice the distance that any digger had done up to that time. The earth was composed of dense, hard sand. The only implement was a broad bladed cold chisel.

On Monday morning Rose again descended to the work. It was the seventeenth day of that tunnel, and Rose resolved that it should be the last.

Until an hour after midnight his work went on. Rose was nearly a physical wreck. The perspiration soaked his weary limbs. He could scarcely inflate his lungs with the poisonous air. His head swam.

In the agony of suffocation he dropped the dull chisel and beat his fists against the roof of his grave with the might of despair, when—blessed boon!—the crust gave way, and the loosened earth showered upon his dripping face, purple with agony. His eye caught sight of a radiant star in the blue vault above him. A flood of light and a volume of cool, delicious air poured over him. At that very instant the sentinel's cry rang out like a prophecy, "Half past 1, and all's well!"

Rose recovered quickly. He was in a yard under a shed, with a fence between him and the sentinels. He walked out on the street and reconnoitered a little. Then he returned to the tunnel, covered the exit with a piece of plank and crawled back to Rats' hell.

The party of fifteen agreed that as the night was nearly gone it would be better to wait till the next night before attempting to escape. It was also agreed that each member of the party should have the privilege of taking one friend into his confidence. The second party of fifteen thus formed was pledged not to follow the working party out till an hour had elapsed.

Rose and his companions made a successful departure at 9 o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, Feb. 9. But the news leaked out, and the little kitchen was soon crowded to suffocation with 200 prisoners, all clamoring to get at the entrance to the tunnel. At the height of the uproar some one yelled "The guards!", and a panic ensued in which several prisoners were trampled underfoot. The room was quickly emptied, but the alarm proved to be false, and many of the soldiers returned and made their escape.

Great was the surprise of the Confederates next day when the roll call revealed the absence of 109 prisoners. And as the fireplace had been rebuilt by somebody and the last man out had covered the hole in the ground no visible trace remained to show the astonished keepers how their tenants had decamped. Curious crowds, having read the newspaper reports, flocked to the neighborhood till finally some one kicked aside the plank in the yard and revealed the hole.

Of the 109 who got out fifty-nine reached the Union lines, forty-eight were recaptured, and two were drowned. Among those retaken was Rose, but he was exchanged for a Confederate colonel on April 30.

SHOWED HIM BLACKWATER.

General Sheridan's Joke on an Aged and Obstinate Confederate.

"General Phil Sheridan had a strong sense of humor, which helped us on considerably at times," says Major W. H. Spera, sole survivor of Sheridan's escort on the famous ride to Winchester. "I remember once when we were trying to reach a creek called Blackwater he hailed an old man in passing and asked him questions. The old man refused to direct him to the creek plainly intimating that his sympathies were with Lee.

"'How far are we to Blackwater?' asked Sheridan, studying a map in front of him.

"'I do not know, sir,' replied the old man obstinately.

"'Have you never been to Blackwater, sir?' inquired Sheridan.

"'I have never been to Blackwater, sir,' snapped the old man.

"'Never been to Blackwater?' insisted Sheridan.

"'No, sir,' said the old man.

"Sheridan called an orderly and in structed him to arrest the old man and lead him at the head of the troops. For four miles the old fellow walked the dusty road, getting madder every minute and choking in the clouds of dust raised by the troops.

"When we reached Blackwater, Sheridan rode forward and sent for the old man, who came silently enough, but with defiance and hatred showing plainly in every action.

"'I thought it a pity, sir,' said Sheridan quietly, 'that a man born and raised here, as you tell me you were, has never had an opportunity to see a creek only four miles from his home. I have brought you here, sir, to show you Blackwater creek. When you have looked at it well, sir, you may return to your home in safety, sir.'

"The erect-built man quietly retired to be met all along the line with cheers and yells and courteous inquiries as to how he liked the looks of Blackwater."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

REUNITED AFTER MANY YEARS

Brothers Reported Killed in War Meet on Iowa Farm.

Jeremiah McFarland and his brother James McFarland, who lives at Dover, Delaware county, Ia., recently met for the first time in nearly a quarter century. Each believed the other was dead.

In the year 1861 these brothers were living in New York state and enlisted in the Union army. On going to the front they were engaged in the battle of Shiloh. Jeremiah was reported off the battlefield with six bullets in his body, and the report was carried to James that his brother was dead. Jeremiah also was given the same report that his brother was dead. Both, accepting the statements as true, made no further investigation. At the close of the war both men went west, James locating in Delaware county, Ia., and Jeremiah going out to Washington state. In all these years no effort was made to clear up the mystery that seemed to surround the death of both men until last fall.

On the occasion of the meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic in Saratoga, N. Y., Jeremiah went there as a delegate from Washington and Alaska. He had a conversation with one of the old soldiers, who, noticing the badge and the name of Mr. McFarland, asked him if he had any relatives living in Delaware county, Ia. The question set him to thinking that there might have been a mistake in the death of his brother. When he returned for his trip home he decided to stop at that place and make some inquiries. Arriving at Manchester, Ia., he was informed that there was a James McFarland living on a farm near Dundee, Ia. Thither Jeremiah went, and to his surprise and joy he found his brother James alive and well.

General Grant's Joke.

Eliot M. Miller, a civil engineer of New Orleans, tells how General U. S. Grant made his father, Chaplain Miller, swear:

It was one of the chaplain's duties to receive and distribute the mail to General Grant's staff. Whenever the mail was late he was greatly annoyed by questions as to the cause of the delay, time of probable arrival, etc. On one occasion, when the post was unusually late, the chaplain for four of losing his temper attached the following notice to the door of his tent:

"The chaplain does not know when the mail will arrive, and he doesn't give a d—n."—Harper's Weekly.

Not All Gone.

A Confederate soldier whose command had run two days from Nashville had thrown away his gun and accouterments and, alone in the woods, sat down and commenced thinking, the first chance he had had to do such a thing. Rolling up his sleeves and looking at his arms and general physique, he thus gave vent to his feelings: "I am whipped, badly whipped and somewhat demoralized, but no one can say I am scattered."

He Was a Mark For the Sharpshooters.

Isaac Harring, who served through out the civil war and who was a conspicuous mark for the bullets of sharpshooters because of his great height, died at Gladstone, Mich., Dec. 27 last. He was eight feet high, the tallest man in the upper peninsula of Michigan.

Tired mother's worn out by the peevish, cross baby have found Cascarsweet a boon and a blessing. Cascarsweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in cold weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER

THE SPY.

An Original Story of the Civil War by Ormsby MacKnight.

THE older we grow the firmer becomes the conviction that we had better keep within the strict limits of duty. I once busied myself about correcting an evil and instead of receiving thanks for doing so got nothing but kicks and cuffs. That was when I was a very young man. Since then I have known better.

I was a private in the Union army operating in Virginia. While we were in camp between marches and skirmishes I was one day on picket when I saw a girl up in a tree making signals to the enemy. She thought she was concealed from our picket line by the branches. So she was, from every one but me. Between her and me was an opening just big enough for me to see her wigwagging with a white handkerchief. I should have called the corporal of the guard and reported the matter; but, thinking I might win promotion for myself by attending to the matter personally, I left my post, went to the tree, ordered the girl down and marched her to the headquarters of the general commanding.

The general took her in charge, then raised me soundly for leaving my post. I was arrested for a breach of duty, but was soon after released with a reprimand.

A few weeks later came a fight in which, with others, I was taken prisoner. We were kept temporarily in an open field waiting transportation south when who should pass by on the road but the girl I had seen wigwagging to the enemy. She saw me, recognized me, but passed meaningly without nothing me.

"THERE'S ONE OF YOUR SPIES."

"There's one of your spies," I remarked to a corporal who stood guard. "I saw her one day in the tree making signals to the rebs and I reported her over to the general and supposed she'd been put out of the way of doing any further damage. I guess she escaped after all."

Without making any reply to me the soldier called for the officer commanding the guard. I saw him point to the girl and say something, whereupon the officer went rapidly after her.

The next day the officer came to me and thanked me for putting him on to a Union spy. I asked him to explain and he said that on my information the girl had been arrested. She had been loitering about their camp, and complete information was found upon her as to every corps present, including artillery and cavalry. The general commanding was puzzled what to do with her since she was a woman, and he revolted against hanging her. I told the captain that they were making a mistake since I had myself seen her making signals to the Confederates. But he told me the girl stoutly denied ever having been within the Union lines. To this I replied that the troops then confronting the Union forces could not have been the same as now. I think I impressed him that possibly a mistake was being made, but whether he followed the matter up or not I didn't know. I asked him the next day what had become of the spy, and he said she was under guard awaiting information from some one who knew her to be a good Confederate, but after the finding of the documents on her no one doubted that she was a Federal spy.

The next morning at daybreak I heard a volley, followed by artillery firing. Then I saw a blue line scurrying across a cornfield, and then—well, I hugged the ground to escape a hailstorm of bullets. It wasn't a minute before the Federal troops passed over me, following the Confederates they had surprised, flying in every direction. They rallied and made a stand just beyond the limits of their camp and put up a good fight, but they didn't succeed in recapturing the ground they had lost.

I was in the wildest state of excitement imaginable, for I had been saved from what I dreaded most—a southern prison. While I was shouting the general hurried past, and with him, riding straddle on a strayed Confederate horse, was the girl spy. She caught sight of me and reined in, with flashing eye and scowling brow.

"HE'S THE MAN WHO GAVE ME AWAY."

"Hold on, general," she said. "There's the man who gave me away."

Dismounting, she ran up to me, hit me a sharp blow with her fist and before I could recover from my surprise knocked me down and stamped on me. All the while she was calling me the vilest names and swearing at me like a pirate. The officers of the general's staff laughed immoderately at the grotesque sight, but the general evidently considered it a serious matter.

"That'll do, captain," he said at last. "Let him up. He's only a fool who doesn't know enough to attend to his own business and leave cigars to attend to theirs. You're lucky to escape in a halter, and you'd have been dead before this if they'd have found out you were a man." Then, turning to me, he said: "This last blunder is too much. Report to your captain under arrest. The most I can do with you is to try you for deserting your picket post, but that I'll do."

However, he thought better of it, for it would have been hard to convict me since all I had done was through ignorance. The spy was young MacCracken of his staff, one of the most daring boys in the army. He had signaled the Confederates to gain their confidence preparatory to going into their lines for information. Had I not given him away he would have gone back with a full knowledge of the enemy's strength and position.

That was forty-five years ago. Since then I have attended to my own business.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

Experience of Edgar Van Etten, Now New York Central Official.

Edgar Van Etten, vice president of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, who, while but eighteen years of age, was a captain in the Union army, tells this experience of his in the battle of Spottsylvania:

"One bullet which had struck the ground in front and was partially spent struck me with considerable force just below the knee and, ranking hard as I was at that time, tumbled me all in a heap. I never shall forget the sensation. The bullet had struck with such force that my leg from the knee down was apparently gone. I can remember well that as I fell I saw the sun, a great red ball, in the hot July sky, halfway down behind the horizon. The first thing that came to my mind was: 'You poor devil, you have lost a leg. And what will mother say when she hears that you are shot?' You are badly wounded, and perhaps you will die. Certainly it means going to the hospital and amputation, which, if you survive, means a wooden leg or a crutch all of your life.' It seems to me now that a thousand thoughts of the kind ran through my mind and fully ten minutes, although I know that it was less than ten seconds, that I reached down to feel how much of the leg was shot away, to my surprise I found it all there. I pinched it and felt of it and gloated for joy and relief and then—well, after the boys.

"We captured the earthwork and drove the Johnnies, but, following them too far, met a counter charge and were driven back to our side of the earthwork. By this time it had become almost dark, and the Johnnies, with a yell, charged down to the other side of the earthwork, but we held our own, and all night long both sides lay with their backs against the earthwork, talking and firing over their heads. At 2 o'clock in the morning, however, we dug through and captured two of their guns, but they got away with the wagons when they evacuated. My leg was swollen so that I could not stand upon it. I was carried to the hospital, and before treatment was applied, which was to let cold water drop upon it a hour at a time. It seems to me now, as I think of it, the pain was such that I would rather have lost my leg, but two days of this treatment brought me around all right."—Leslie's Weekly.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

It was in the latter portion of the civil war, when great calls for troops were in process of being filled, that notice was served on the adjutant general of one of the smaller states of the north that the quotas of some of the towns were not full and that the men must be forthcoming. Orders to that effect were issued, with the result that when the matter was closed there were about enough men for a single company. It was organized and sent to the front and attached to one of the regiments from the same state.

The first time this little body of soldiers saw service was at the battle of the Wilderness. The action was going on during one of the terrible days of that battle, and the shells and bullets were getting in their work. The captain of our company felt called upon to make a speech to his men, and he said:

"Soldiers, we are now up against the enemy. When the orders are given to fire, do your best and kill all you can with the forty rounds of ammunition you have. When you have fired it all away, you had better retreat. I am a little lame, so I am going to start now."—Boston Globe.

John Rountry's Bravery.

During the night of Sept. 21, 1864, fire was discovered in the magazine light room of the United States steamer Montauk. The alarm created a panic and demoralized the crew with the exception of James Horton, John Rountry and Charles H. Weeks. Horton rushed into the cabin, obtained the magazine keys, sprang into the light room and began passing out the combustibles, including the box of signals in which the fire originated. Rountry, with hose in hand, notwithstanding the cry of "Fire in the magazine!" forced his way through the frightened crowd to the light room and put out the flames.

Sat on a Barrel of Powder.

Among the many medals awarded by the navy department for acts of bravery during the civil war was one given to John Davis, who was on the United States steamer Valley City in the attack on the enemy's vessels and a fort near Elizabeth City, N. C., Feb. 10, 1862. When the vessel was on fire near the magazine he seated himself on an open barrel of powder as the only means to keep the fire out.

The Grand Army.

Its Ranks Are Getting Thin, but Its Hearts Are Young as Ever.

We ain't a standin' army now,
In fact, we're gray and lame,
A trifle stiff about the knees
And shakin' in our aim.

It's us that knew the bitter days;
It's us that went to die.
I guess we got a right to shout
When Glory flutters by.

"THERE'S ONLY A FEW OF US LEFT."

We're gettin' scarce, but, bless yer heart,
If country called for men
We'd sign the roll "Age twenty-one,"
And serve it out again!

—Walla Walla in Collier's Weekly.

LONG SEARCH REWARDED.

Picture Found on Soldier's Body at Last Identified.

A daguerreotype of a young man and a girl taken from the body of a Union soldier on the battlefield of Chancellorsville during the civil war has been returned to the girl in the picture, Mrs. T. W. Stowe of Milford, Conn., after a search lasting thirty-three years.

Former Freeholder Edgar Whritenour, a mineral water manufacturer of Paterson, N. J., and Hawthorne, conducted the search for the owner of the picture.

The daguerreotype came into the possession of Mr. Whritenour through his wife. Mrs. Whritenour's father, N. Barnes, who was a member of the Thirteenth New Jersey volunteers, was captured during the war, and the daguerreotype was given to him by a Confederate soldier, who explained that the picture had been taken from a dead Union soldier at Chancellorsville.

On the back of the case were found the names "John Rawson and Nellie Augusta Nettleton." The case also contained a needle, a piece of thread and a lock of hair.

Mr. Whritenour communicated with every Grand Army of the Republic post in the country, but was unsuccessful until "Nellie Augusta Nettleton," now Mrs. T. W. Stowe, was located in Milford, Conn. Mrs. Stowe wrote to Mr. Whritenour on April 6 last. She said:

John Rawson was reported missing after the battle of Chancellorsville, and for ten years that was all I heard. Then a traveling man came to Milford. He said he knew "Johnnie R——" well and said he had been one of the last to see him alive.

My husband is glad that I am to get the picture back. I had forgotten that my name was in the case. Do you not believe that this is one case in a thousand—a picture restored to the original owner after forty-five years?

I wish I could make good to you all the expense you have gone to to find the owner. I am thankful that this little bit of my life's history has been handed down to me over the silence of so many years, and I admire your perseverance under such almost insurmountable obstacles.

To you and yours I am most sincerely your friend, MRS. T. W. STOWE.

The daguerreotype was forwarded to Mrs. Stowe after she had sent photographs of identification to Mr. Whritenour.

He Brought the Cows Home.

A boy whose parents would not permit him to enlist in the Union army was sent one morning to drive the cows to pasture on his way to work, taking his lunch with him. He did not return at night. He had run away and entered the army. For three years he fought without a furlough and returned with the regiment unharmed by Confederate bullets. He arrived in the old pasture at home just at "cow time" and leisurely drove up the same old cows just as if he had never been away.

A Woman's Welcome to the Flag.

A resident of Monticello, Ky., speaking of the manner in which the people received the Federal troops in the advance on that place, says, "One old lady said as she saw the column rushing on after the Confederates, 'When I seed the old flag a-comin', I just threw my old bonnet on the ground and stomped on it.'"

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DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS FOR
BACKACHE
Weak Kidneys, Lame Back and Inflammation of the Bladder
A WEEK'S TREATMENT 25c
Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

His Desire to Reform.

Discussing poverty on one occasion, the Dutch poet and economist Van Eeden said, "We want reform, and we want it about as badly as a Dutch student I knew in my youth.

"This student's chum said to him:

"'Look here, I'm tired of the life I've been leading for the past two years. I'm going to reform. This morning I shall attend a lecture.'

"My student, a confirmed idler, yawned, put down his pipe and answered:

"'Yes; it would be splendid to reform, and yet the beer is very good here this morning, isn't it? I tell you what we'll do. We'll let my dog Wilhelm decide whether we reform or not.'

"'Wilhelm decide! How will he do it?'

"'Oh, it is very simple. We'll tell the waiter to bring a piece of sausage. We'll set the sausage before Wilhelm, and if he eats it we stay where we are. If he doesn't, we reform and go to lectures.'"—Washington Star.

Guessed It.

Guest (suspiciously eying the flattened pillows and the crimpled sheets)—Look here, landlord, this bed has been slept in! Landlord (triumphantly)—That's what it's meant for!

Renovated.

Puffer—What's happened to my meerschaum pipe? Mrs. Puffer—Why, dear, I noticed it was getting awfully brown and discolored, so I put a coat of that white enamel on it.

Variety.

Visitor—Why do you make some of your pies round and some of them square? Wife—Because my husband has been complaining of sameness of his diet lately.

Jesters must be content to taste of their broth.—Latin Proverb.

MADE TO MEASURE

Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

Just like high-class tailoring all but the price—that's only a little more than ready-made.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court-House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1908,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate in Bradford Township, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the east line of the highway leading from Bradford City to Derrick City on the west side of the Creek and known as the extension of Mechanic street, said post being in the south line of lot No. 133 and at the southwest corner of lands contracted to be sold to first party by H. G. Cutting, and herein described; thence northerly by the east line of the highway one hundred and eighty-six (186) feet to a post; thence north 42 degrees east four hundred and twenty-nine (429) feet to a post; thence east three hundred and twenty-five (325) feet to a post; thence north 9 degrees east four hundred and thirty (430) feet to a post, thence east six hundred and nine (609) feet to a post in the west line of the New York, Lake Erie and Western R. R. Co. reserve; thence southerly along said railroad reserve thirteen hundred and seventeen (1317) feet to a post in south line of lot No. 133; thence west the south line of lot No. 133, one thousand seventeen and five tenths (1017 5-10) feet to the place of beginning, containing twenty-six and fifty-six (26 56-100) acres of land, be the same more or less. Together with a right of way for a wagon road across other lands late of H. G. Cutting, from Mechanic street, or the extension of Mechanic street, to the land hereinbefore described, to run between the house and barn of said H. G. Cutting as now located and also a right of way for a wagon road across lands of the said H. G. Cutting from the proposed extension of Congress street to lands herein described and to join right of way from Mechanic street as above mentioned. Subject however to the reservation by the said H. G. Cutting, and for his heirs and assigns, of all the oil in, on or under said tract of land with the right to remove the same by operating the wells now drilled thereon. Being the same land with all the rights and privileges conveyed by H. G. Cutting and wife to the Bradford Driving Park and Fair Association by deed dated Nov. 16th, 1880, recorded in D. B. 58, page 404, and subject to all reservations contained in the same. Also all that certain other piece of land situate in Bradford Township, McKean County, Pa., bounded as follows: Beginning at an iron post on the south line of Cutting street; thence south 81 degrees 00 minutes west 4 5-10 feet to a post; thence south 9 degrees east 349 3-10 feet to an iron stake; thence west 33 5-10 feet to a point; thence north 12 degrees 00 minutes east 351 feet to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and thirteen, one thousandths (113-1000) of an acre of land, being the same land conveyed to first party R. H. Gibson and wife by deed dated Nov. 2nd, 1880, and recorded in deed book Vol. No. 65, page 305, &c. Excepting and reserving however out of the first above described tract of land, all that piece of land situate in same Township, County and State, and described as follows: Beginning at an iron post at the northwest corner of the extension of Congress street and Cutting street, a public highway leading from Congress street extension to Mechanic street; thence north 81 degrees 00 minutes west 33 5-10 feet along north line of Cutting street to a point; thence north 9 degrees east 33 3-10 feet to a post; thence west 41 7-10 feet to the west line of the extension of Congress street; thence south 14 degrees 20 minutes west along west line of said street 30 5-10 feet to an iron post the place of beginning, containing thirty-two one thousandths (32-1000) of an acre of land and being the same piece of land heretofore conveyed by first party to R. H. Gibson by deed dated November second, 1880, and recorded in deed book Vol. No. 65, page 305, &c.

Improved and having thereon One Grand Stand, One Judges' Stand, One Band Stand, stables, booths and other structures.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Bradford Driving Park and Fair Association at the suit of Anna M. Lessure, Assignee of Agnes F. Moorey Assignee of the Executors of the F. A. Moore Estate.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels and tracts of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the east line of Mechanic street in said City, said point of beginning being 343.5 feet south from the southwest corner of Mechanic street and the Public Square, said point of beginning being also at the northwest corner of land purchased by Otto Koch from J. T. Stewart and wife by deed dated April 1, 1902, and recorded in Deed Book No. 115, page 488, etc., of McKean County Records; thence from said point of beginning east along the north line of land of said Otto Koch, formerly of J. T. Stewart, 46 feet and 4 inches to a point; thence south 2 feet and 7 inches to a point; thence east and again along the north line of land of Otto Koch, formerly of J. T. Stewart, 66 feet and 6 inches to a point, in the northeast corner of said land deeded by the said J. T. Stewart to the said Otto Koch; thence south and along the east line of land of Otto Koch, purchased from the said J. T. Stewart, 9 feet more or less to a point the northwest corner of land purchased by Otto Koch from Mrs. E. R. Loomis; thence east along the north line of the said land of Otto Koch purchased from said Mrs. E. R. Loomis, 17 feet to a point; thence south 18 feet and 11 inches to a point; thence west 19 feet to a post; thence north 5 feet to a post; thence west 80 feet to the east line of Mechanic street 30 feet and 6 inches south from the point of beginning; thence north by east line of Mechanic street 30 feet and 6 inches to the place of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to first party herein by Otto Koch and wife by deed dated Feb. 16th, 1903, recorded among the records of McKean County in Deed Book 122, page 388, etc. ALSO, beginning at a point on the east side of Mechanic street distant 95 feet south from the point of intersection of the south line of Main street (formerly Parker Place) with the east line of Mechanic street; thence easterly by a line parallel with the south line of Main street 110 feet; thence northerly by the east line of lands hereby conveyed to the southeast corner of said lands; thence westerly by the various courses and distances along the south line of lands hereby conveyed and being the south line of lands owned by said Tuna Lodge No. 411, to the east side of Mechanic street; thence northerly by the east line of Mechanic street 40 feet and 6 inches, more or less, to the place of beginning, it being the purpose hereby to sell and convey all the property of the parties of the first part lying south of a line parallel with and distant 95 feet south from Main street (formerly Parker Place) running east from Mechanic street to the westerly line of lands so owned by the parties of the first part; also the undivided one-half of the following described tract or parcel of land situate in Bradford City, County and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the east line of Mechanic street at the northwest corner of lands above described; thence east parallel with Main street (formerly called Parker Place) along the north line of the said lands above described 110 feet; thence along the eastern line of the lands of the parties of the first part north 95 feet to the south line of said Main street (formerly called Parker Place); thence west along the said south line of said Main street 10 feet to the outer line of the eastern foundation wall of the building known as the Odd Fellows' Hall; thence south along the said outer line of said foundation wall eighty-three (83) feet to a point distant 12 feet north of the first described line; thence west parallel with said Main street 100 feet to a point in the east line of Mechanic street distant 12 feet from the place of beginning; thence south along the east line of Mechanic street 12 feet to the place of beginning, with the express covenant and agreement on the part of both parties to this agreement, their successors and assigns, that the said land, the undivided one-half of which is hereby conveyed to the party of the second part and the other undivided one-half thereof owned by Tuna Lodge I. O. O. F., shall be used solely as a free and uninterrupted passageway for teams, carriages, persons and vehicles, which passageway is not to be obstructed or built upon in any manner or way whatsoever, except that either party, their successors or assigns, may erect upon any buildings or buildings built or hereafter to be built by them on lands adjoining said passageway, fire escapes of such make and design as required by any Act of Assembly, projecting over said passageway, provided that fire escapes are so constructed as not to interfere with the free passage of teams, vehicles, carriages or persons through, over and upon said passageway. Being a portion of the same premises as were conveyed by the Producers Petroleum Exchange, of Bradford City, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of Pennsylvania, to M. J. Benjamin, H. H. North and C. J. Lane, Trustees of Tuna Lodge, No. 411, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, on the 7th day of February, A. D. 1903. And being the same premises conveyed as first party hereto by George Patton et al. Trustees of Tuna Lodge, No. 411, I. O. O. F. by deed dated March 23rd last, recorded in Deed Book 123, page 315, &c. Also all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point, the northwest corner of a certain lot of ground deeded by Elias Loomis to Otto Koch, by deed dated March 27, 1899, recorded in Deed Book Vol 101, page 458, among the records of McKean County; thence running east along the north side of said lot 17 feet to a point or post; thence northerly nine (9) feet more or less to the north line of an alley; thence westerly along the northerly line of said lot and parallel with the first line seventeen (17) feet to a post; thence southerly nine (9) feet more or less to the place of beginning, being the same premises conveyed by quit claim deed to party of the first part herein by Marion B. Melvin et al. by Indenture dated June 15th, 1903, recorded among the records of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 125, page 382.

Improved and having thereon a certain brick opera house building with all of the fittings, fixtures, furnishing and appliances to and therein house attached or belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Bradford Opera House Company at the suit of the Bradford National Bank, Trustee.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post two hundred ninety-six (296) feet from the east line of Welch street on the south side of Mountain avenue; thence north fifteen (15) degrees fifty (50) minutes west one hundred twenty six (126) feet to a post; thence north seventy (70) degrees ten (10) minutes east forty-one (41) feet to a post; thence south nineteen (19) degrees fifty (50) minutes east one hundred twenty-six (126) feet to a post; thence south seventy (70) degrees ten (10) minutes west forty-one (41) feet to the place of beginning. CONTAINING five thousand one hundred sixty-six (5166) square feet, more or less, and known as lot No. 47 of survey made by M. J. Hill, July 24th, 1895.

RESERVING all oils, gas, minerals, &c., as is reserved and recited in a certain deed given by P. C. West & Co. to Howells, Magill & Co. Also reserving the right of entry for sewer across said lot about twenty (20) feet from the north line of said lot, also reserving the right to enter upon said premises to make repairs and lay sewer pipe. Also reserving the right of way for a water line on and through said lot, for the Kane Spring Water Company to have the same control and rights over said water line as if it was laid on public street in front of said premises.

Being the same premises which G. W. Campbell and wife, et al., by their Deed dated January 22, 1903, sold to Mary E. Charley, party hereto, as by reference being thereunto had, the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon, One two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary E. Charley and Alexander B. Charley, her husband, at the suit of the State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

J. W. Swartz and Thos. J. Dolphin, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, known as lot No. 131 on Chautauqua Place as laid down and designated on a certain Map entitled "Building Lots of McGeorge, Avery & Co., in Bradford, McKean County, Pa., 1878, L. Gorton, Surveyor," having a frontage on the north line of Chautauqua Place of twenty-five (25) feet and running north from the said north line of Chautauqua Place sixty seven (67) feet more or less, and being the same property conveyed to first party by Emma M. Beim by deed dated July 15, 1903, and recorded Aug. 31, 1903, in deed book Vol. 73, page 550, &c.

Improved and having thereon, One two-story frame dwelling house, known as No. 10.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Adelaide English at the suit of Sarah E. Wheeler, use of George N. Sanders, now for use of C. G. Fitzgibbon.

Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

5.

Defendant's interest in all those three certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land situate in the Township of Sergeant, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

First. Beginning at an iron post at the intersection of the eastern right of way line of the Erie Railroad Company and north line of lot No. 139; thence east and along the north line of lot No. 139 three hundred thirty-five (335) feet and bounded on the north by lands formerly of Morris estate, thence south and parallel to the right of way line of the said Erie Railroad Company, ten hundred and eighty-one feet more or less to lands formerly of the Morris Estate; thence westerly along the north line of lands formerly of the Morris Estate three hundred thirty-five (335) feet to an iron post in the eastern line of the right of way of the Erie Railway Company; thence northerly and along the said eastern line of the lands of the Erie Railroad Company twenty (20) rods, more or less, to a point in the north line of lands known as the "Newell Lot;" thence easterly and along the north line of the said Newell lot to a point in the western bank of the Tunungwant Creek; thence down and crook by the western bank thereof, to the place of beginning. The land above described being a part of the same land deeded by David R. Griggs and others, Trustees of the United States Land Company to Daniel Kingsbury by Deed dated November 20th, 1850, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in Deed Book "G," pages 275, 276 and 277. And conveyed by Daniel Kingsbury and Rosby, his wife, to Silmon A. Morris, by Deed dated August 20, 1861, and being that portion of the said Simeon M. Morris lot lying east of the eastern line of lands of the Erie Railroad Company. And being the same land conveyed by Emma A. Bell (widow) to American Acid & Alkali Company by Deed dated the day of November, A. D. 1904, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 144, at page 514, &c. EXCEPTING AND RESERVING all the oil and gas in, under and upon the above described land, together with the right of free ingress, egress and regress over and upon the same for the proper enjoyment of the property so reserved. Together with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances to the said Real Estate in anywise appertaining, also all the machinery and all rights, privileges and franchises now owned by said Company.

Improved and having thereon, One boiler house with 850 h. p. boilers and equipment. One Corliss house with triple effect Yaryan condenser. One engine room with 150 h. p. Westinghouse Engine. One double effect air compressor, several small pumps. One building called caustic potash storage house with a number of tanks. One digester house with machinery. One carbonate house with machinery. One evaporating house with machinery. One filtering house equipped with gypsum house, one crystal building with machinery. One machine shop. One storage house, one brick office building. One storage house with tanks for bottle neck. One acetic acid factory with all machinery except the steam engine and one condenser. Four iron tanks. One cooling house and large cellar, about 12x40 feet more or less of lead road.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the American Acid & Alkali Company at the suit of C. E. McCafferty, Trustee, and others.

W. M. Burdick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, McKean County, Penna., bounded and described as follows—BEGINNING at a point in the northwest corner of land of Olof Westerlund on the south line of the right of way of the Mt. Jewett, Kinzua and Kiantville Railroad; thence by the west line of land of Olof Westerlund, south 1 degree 15 minutes east three hundred and fifteen (315) feet to a post; thence westwardly at right angles with said line of Westerlund one hundred and forty-five (145) feet to a point; thence northerly parallel to said Westerlund line and along the east line of a street to be named Mechanic street two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet to the south line of the aforesaid right of way; thence westerly along the south line of said right of way one hundred and sixty-eight (168) feet to the place of beginning. CONTAINING 39,150 square feet of land more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to Myrtle B. Edgerton by John Eastburg, et ux., by deed dated June 10, 1901, and recorded in Deed Book 115, at page 372, etc. subject to reservations of petroleum, gas, minerals, &c., mentioned in Deed from E. K. Kane to John Eastburg, dated Feby. 20, 1900, recorded in Deed Book 83, page 301, &c.

Improved and having thereon Two seven-room frame dwelling houses.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Elmer W. Edgerton, Administrator of Estate of Myrtle B. Edgerton, deceased, Elmer W. Edgerton, surviving husband and heir of said Myrtle B. Edgerton, Edith Edgerton and Ralph Edgerton, heirs at law of said Myrtle B. Edgerton, deceased, and E. W. Edgerton, guardian ad litem of Edith Edgerton and Ralph Edgerton, co-defendants, minors, at the suit of M. J. Gallup, Gallup & Bouton, F. D. Gallup, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., May 13, 1908.

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The Left Twin.

The survivor of twins is sometimes credited with curious powers. In folklore he takes his place with the seventh son and with the child born with a caul. All these are supposed to have either special powers of healing or in some cases to be gifted with the mysterious power of second sight. "In Essex, England," says W. G. Black in his book on "Folk Medicine," "a child known familiarly as a 'left twin'—i. e., a child who has survived its fellow twin—is thought to have the power of curing the thrush by blowing—three times into the patient's mouth if the patient is of the opposite sex." This is folklore, pure and simple. Another country notion generally held is that if twins are boy and girl the latter will never become a mother. The physiology of the subject is obscure, but there is probably ground for the belief. Another idea not infrequently met with is that the intelligence of twins is below the average. It is always difficult to prove a negative, but it is very doubtful whether facts support this notion of limited intelligence to any extent whatever. It is much more probable that their physical strength is likely to be something less than normal.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 23, 1908:

John Coufk, R. Hall, Mrs. Mary McCarty, Dan. Overdorf.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

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Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS,
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